THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XV. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1882. NUMBER 35.

Love and Time.

Two lovers watched the sunset die
In happy clouds that floated west;
His lips caressed her silken hair,
Her head lay nestling on his breast.

"Ah, love," he said, "I see that men
Should make no count of hours and days;
They live most when their sleepy hearts
Do leap like mine in proud amaze."

"Yes, yes," she whispered, "all in vain
I hear the bells of hollow towers;
But your heart swiftly beating here
Tells all too well the flying hours."

The Tryst.

There was not a cloud in the deep blue sky,
Nor a foaming crest on the sea;
The winds were asleep, in the arms of the deep,
And their breath came noiselessly.
The soft sweet rays of the harvest moon,
The heaving waters kissed,
And the light was shed on the Abbey head,
And the tombstones that watch the quiet dead.
And in calm I kept our tryst.

The blank black sky, and the blank black sea,
Blent in the angry night;
The wild winds met, where the waters fret,
In a belt of luminous light.
They thundered along the hollow strand,
Where the rain like a python hissed;
And near and far, from rock and scar,
Rang the mighty challenge of Nature's war,
And in storm I kept our tryst.

White, weird and ghastly crept the fog,
Over river, and moor, and coast;
Each fast-moored boat, on the harbor afloat,
Loomed like a threatening ghost.
The sea lay muttering sullenly,
Under the veiling mist;
And the buoy-bell ring, with its ominous tongue,
Where the tide on the lip of the rock was flung,
And in gloom I kept our tryst.

For while holy grief and loving trust,
With me kept watch together,
I reckon not, I, of sea or sky;
Our hearts hold tranquil weather.
So I know, in the royal right of love,
I may claim you, and I list;
So my hand may reach, in its silent speech,
To the spirit greeting where each meets each.
In faith I kept our tryst.

—*All the Year Round.*

A WOOING BY PROXY.

She is leaning back in a deep crimson chair, with a white dress sweeping in long shining folds about her. She is talking to two or three men with that rather weary grace he has grown accustomed to see in her, and which is so different from the joyous smiles of the Jeanne de Beaujen whom he had loved so long ago. He is watching her from the opposite side of the salon as he stands beside his hostess, and he tells himself it is for the last time. He is going to her presently and he knows just how coldly she will raise the dark eyes that once never met his without confessing that she loved him. He knows just what he will say and what she will answer, and there is no need of haste in this last scene of his tragedy.

"A man should know when he is beaten," he is thinking, while he smiles vaguely in reply to Madame De Soule's commonplaces. "There is more stupidity than courage in not accepting a defeat while there is yet time to retreat with some dignity. For six weeks I have shown her, with a directness that has, I dare say, been amusing to our mutual friends, that after ten years' absence my only object in returning to Paris is her society. She cannot avoid meeting me in public, but she has steadily refused to receive me when I call upon her or to permit me a word with her alone. I have been a fool to forget that all these years in which I have regretted her she has naturally despised me, but at least it is not just of her to refuse me a hearing." The moment he has been waiting for is come. The little court about her disperses until there is but one man beside her, and she glances around with a look of mild appeal against the continuance of his society.

De Palissier has escaped from his hostess in an instant, and the next he is murmuring, with the faintest suspicion of a tremor in his voice, "Will Madame De Miramon permit me a dance?"

"Thanks, M. De Palissier, but I am not dancing this evening," she replies, with exactly the glance and tone he expects.

"Will madame give me a few moments serious conversation?" and this time the tremor is distinct, for even the nineteenth century horror of melodrama cannot keep a man's nerves quite steady when he is asking a question on which his whole future depends.

"One does not come to balls for serious conversation—" she begins, lightly.

"Where may I come, then?" he interrupts, eagerly.

"Nowhere. There is no need for serious conversation between us, M. De Palissier," she replies, haughtily, and rising she takes the arm of the much-edified gentleman beside her and moves away.

It is all as he has prophesied to himself, and yet for a moment the lights swim dizzily before him and the passionate sweetness of that Strauss waltz the band is playing stabs his heart like a knife. For a moment he does not realize that he is standing quite motionless, gazing, with despair in his eyes, after Madame De Miramon's slender white-clad figure, and that two or three people, who have seen and heard, are looking at him with that amused pity which sentimental catastrophes always inspire in the spectators.

Some one touches his arm presently with her fan, and with a start he comes to himself and recognizes Lucille De Beaujen, the young sister of Madame De Miramon, whom he remembers years ago as a child, and with whom he has danced several times this winter.

"And our waltz, monsieur?" she asks, gayly. "Do not tell me you have forgotten it. That is evident enough, but you should not admit it."

"Mille pardons, mademoiselle," he mutters, hurriedly.

"I am very good to-night," she says, putting her hand on his mechanically extended arm. "Though the waltz is half over, there is still time for you to get me an ice."

So they make their way through the salon, she talking lightly and without pausing for a reply, while he, vaguely grateful to her for extricating him from an awkward position, wonders also that she should care to be so kind to a man whom her sister has treated with such marked dislike.

The refreshment-room is almost empty, and she seats herself and motions him to a chair beside her when he has brought her an ice.

"Do you think, M. le Marquis, that it was only to eat ices with you that I have forced my society so resolutely upon you?" she asks, with a look of earnestness very rare on her bright, coquettish face.

"I think you an angel of compassion to an old friend of your childhood, Mademoiselle Lucille—"

"It was compassion, but more for my sister than for you," she says, gravely.

"Your sister!" he echoes, bitterly. "It has not occurred to me that Madame De Miramon is in need of compassion, and yours is too sweet to be wasted—"

"Chut, monsieur," she interrupted. "Forget that I am as fond of pretty speeches as most young women and think of me only as Jeannie De Miramon's sister, who believes that much as she loves her, you love her even more—"

For the second time this evening De Palissier forgets possible observers and clasps both the girl's slender hands in his, as he murmurs, unsteadily, "God bless you!"

"You forget that we have an audience, monsieur," she says, withdrawing her hands quickly, but with a smile of frank comradeship. "I have a story to tell you, and not much time to tell it in. Years ago, when Jeanne left her convent on becoming fiancee to M. De Miramon, she met you at her first ball, and you loved each other. It was very foolish, for you were a cadet of your house and only a sous-lieutenant, and Jeanne had not a sou, so both the families were furious; but all would have ended as well as a fairy tale if you had been reasonable. Jeanne met you time after time in secret, and promised any amount of patience, but she would not run away and marry you in defiance of her parents; so you tormented her with doubts and shamed her with suspicions until she dreaded those secret meetings almost as much as she longed for them. At last, after making a more violent quarrel than usual, you exchanged from your regiment at Versailles to one in Algiers, and left her no refuge from the reproaches of our father and mother but to marry M. de Miramom. He might have refused to marry her after hearing her confess, as she did, that she had given her heart to you, and that only your desertion had induced her to consent to their marriage. But he did not; he had a better revenge than that. He married her, and for eight years he tortured her in every way that a jealous and cruel man can torture a proud pure woman. He opened all her letters, he made spies of her servants, and not a day passed that he did not make some mention of your name. Our parents died within a few months of the marriage, and I was at my convent. There was nothing to be done with her misery but endure it, knowing that she owed it all to your impatience. Can you wonder that she is unforgiving?"

He is leaning on the small table between them with folded arms and down-bent eyes, and he is very pale, even through the bronze of ten African summers.

"I loved her always—" he says, almost inaudibly; then pauses; nor does he finish his sentence, though she waits for him to do so.

"You loved her? You could not have wrecked her life more utterly if you had hated her. Can you wonder that she has grown to fear the thought of love that has been so cruel to her as yours and her husband's? Monsieur my brother-in-law died two years ago—God is so good!" continues Lucille, fiercely. "Since then Jeanne has been at peace, and she shrinks with absolute terror from disturbing the calm which has come to her after such storms. She fears you, she avoids you, because—shall I tell you why?"

She can see his lips quiver even under the heavy mustache, but he neither speaks nor raises his eyes.

"She loves you," murmurs Lucille, just aloud.

He lifts his eyes now and looks at her dumbly for an instant, then, rising abruptly, walks away.

"Il a des beaux yeux, mon Dieu!" she thinks, with a thrill of wonder that Jeanne should have had the courage to refuse him anything in the days when they were young together.

He comes back presently.

"My child," he says, very gently, "do not try to make me believe that, unless you are very sure, for if I once believe it again, I—I—"

"I am as sure as that I live that Jeanne has never ceased to love you, and that you can force her to confess it if you will make love to me."

"I? You? You are laughing at me!" with a rush of color into his dark face.

"Do you think so ill of Jeanne's sister?" she asks, softly.

"Pardon. I am scarcely myself, and I cannot imagine how—"

"Jeanne will not receive you because she knows her heart and is afraid of it. She fears that you will destroy the hard-won peace she values so highly. But you are wealthy, distinguished, the head of your name—a very different person from what you were ten years ago, and she can find no reason for refusing you as my suitor if I consent, and as my chaperon she must be present at all our meetings. You begin to understand? Make her see that your love is not all jealousy; make her remember—make her regret."

"But, forgive me, when one has loved a woman for ten years," with a faint smile, "there is no room in one's heart for even a pretense at loving another."

"If there were, monsieur, I should never have proposed my plot," she replies, with dignity. "It is because I have watched you all these weeks, and know that your love is worthy of my sister, that I trust you. But it is not with one's heart that one pretends. *Enfin*, it is with you to consent or decline."

"Decline!" he echoes, with a passion none the less intense for its quietness. "Does a dying man decline his last chance of life, however desperate it may be?"

The next week is full of bitter surprises to the proud and patient woman, whose pathetic clinging to her new-found peace Lucille so well understands. Though it is long since she has permitted herself to remember anything of the lover of her youth except his jealousy, she has believed in his faithfulness as utterly as she dreaded it, and when she receives De Palissier's note asking the consent of his old friend to his love for her sister, the pain she feels bewilders and dismays her. With a smile whose cynicism is as much for herself as for him, she gives the note to Lucille, expecting an instant rejection of the man whose motive in pursuing them they had both so misunderstood. But with a gay laugh, "Then my sympathy has been without cause," the girl cries. "By all means let him come, my Jeanne. It cannot wound you, who have long ago ceased to regret him; but he is the best *parti* in Paris, and *tres bel homme* for his age."

It is quite true there can be no objection to the wealthy and distinguished Marquis de Palissier if Lucille is willing—none but the pain at her heart which she is ashamed even to confess to herself. So a note is written fixing an hour for his first visit, and Madame De Miramon prepares herself to meet the man whom she last saw alone in all the passionate anguish of a lover's quarrel. Is this wild flutter in her throat a sign of the peace she has resolved to possess? Thank God! she can at least promise herself that whatever she may suffer, neither he nor Lucille shall guess it.

There is a sound of wheels in the courtyard, and she rises, with a hasty glance at her fair reflection in a mirror.

"His old friend!" she murmurs, scornfully. "I dare say I look an old woman beside Lucille."

Then she turns with a look of graceful welcome, for the door is thrown open, and a servant announces:

"M. le Marquis de Palissier."

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to receive as my sister's suitor the old friend of whom the world tells me such noble things." She utters her little speech as naturally as though she had not rehearsed it a dozen times, and holds out her pretty hand to him.

To her surprise he does not take it. How should she guess that he dares not trust himself to touch calmly the hand he would have risked his life to kiss any time these ten years?

"You are too good, madame," he replies, very low; and she reflects that he is of course a little embarrassed. "I am afraid you had much to forgive in those days so long ago, but time, I trust, has changed me."

"It would be sad indeed if time did not give us wisdom and coldness in exchange for all it takes from us," she says, with a quick thrill of pain that he should speak of ten years as if it were an eternity.

"Not coldness," he exclaimed, coming nearer, and looking at her with eyes that make her feel a girl again. "If you could see my heart, you—"

"May I enter, my sister?" asks the gay voice of Lucille, as she appears from behind the portiere at so fortunate a moment for the success of her plot that it is to be feared she had been eavesdropping.

De Palissier turns at once and presses her hand to his lips.

"Mademoiselle," he says, tenderly, "I am at your feet."

Then begins a charming little comedy of love-making, in which Lucille plays her role with pretty coquetry, and he with infinite zeal.

And the chaperon bends over her lace-work and hears the caressing tones she thought she had forgotten, and sees the tender glances she imagined she had ceased to regret—all given to her young sister in her unregarded presence. Dear God! how is she to keep the peace she so prays for, if her future is to be haunted by this ghost from her past? She is very patient and used to suffering, but at length she can endure no longer, and not daring to leave the room she moves away to a distant writing-table, where she is at least beyond hearing

There is an instant pause between the conspirators, and while De Palissier's eyes wistfully follow Madame De Miramon, Lucille seizes her opportunity with a promptness that would have done credit to a Richelieu or a Talleyrand, or any other prince of schemers.

"Courage, monsieur!" she murmurs. "She has been cold to me ever since your note came. You would make a charming *jeune premier* at the Francais, only when you say anything very tender, do remember to look at me instead of Jeanne." And she breaks into a laugh so utterly amused that he presently laughs too, and the sound of their mirth causes an odd blot in the poor chaperon's writing.

A month has dragged by, wretchedly enough both to the conspirators and their victim, and, like all things earthly, has come to an end at last. Even Lucille's energy could not keep De Palissier to his role if he did not believe that in surrendering it he must give up the bitter-sweet of Jeanne's daily presence, which, even in its supreme indifference, has become the one charm of life to him. Madame De Miramon and her sister are spending a week at her villa near Paris, and De Palissier, who is to accompany them on a riding party, has arrived a little late, and finds both sisters already in the courtyard, with some horses and grooms, when he enters. Lucille comes to him at once, as he dismounts, with a look of alarm instead of her usual coquetry.

"Do not let Jeanne ride Etoile," she says, anxiously. "She has thrown Guillaume this morning."

Madame De Miramon is standing beside an old groom, who is holding the horse in question, and she does not look at her sister or De Palissier as they approach.

"Let me ride Etoile and take my horse to-day, madame," De Palissier says, eagerly. "I should like to master a horse who has thrown so excellent a groom as Guillaume."

"So should I," she says, with a hard little laugh, and she steps on the block.

"Jeanne!" cries Lucille.

"I entreat you for your sister's sake. She will be terribly alarmed," De Palissier says, hurriedly.

"Then you must console her. The greater her alarm, the greater your delightful task, monsieur," and she looks at him with a defiant pain in her eyes like a stag's at bay. "I shall ride Etoile."

"Then I say that you shall not," he answers, putting his arm across the saddle, and meeting her eyes with a sudden blaze of command in his.

For an instant they gaze at each other in utter forgetfulness of any other presence than their own, then she springs from the block and comes close to him.

"I hate you!" she gasps, and turning, gathers up her habit in one hand and runs into the house, swiftly followed by De Palissier. In the salon she faces him, with a gesture of passionate pride.

"Leave me!" she says. "I forbid you to speak to me."

He is very pale, but the light of triumph is in his eyes, and like most men, being triumphant, he is cruel.

"Why do you hate me?" he asks, imperiously.

"I beg your pardon," she stammers, dropping the eyes which she knows are betraying her. "I should have said—"

"You should have said, 'I love you,'" he murmurs, coming close to her and holding out his arms. "Does it hurt you that I should know it at last, I who have loved you all these years?"

"But Lucille," she falters, moving away from him, but with eyes that shine and lips that quiver with bewildered joy.

"Never mind Lucille," cries that young lady, very cheerfully, from the doorway. "It has been all a plot for your happiness, my Jeanne, which would never have succeeded if you had known your sister as well as she knew you. To think that I would be content with the wreck of any man's heart! —*Il donc!* When my day comes,

"'Like Alexander, I will reign.
And I will reign alone.'"

—*Harper's Weekly.*

A PRINCESS OF ROMANCE.

The Story of the Widow of the Last Elector of Hesse.

The London *Telegraph* says: Of the strange life stories that may be gleaned from that portion of the "Almanach de Gotha" dealing with dynastic and personal facts, few are more romantic than that which has just been concluded by the demise of Gertrude von Hanau, the widow of the last elector of Hesse. Her titular description, taken from the German civilstands-register, or official obituary record, is in itself the skeleton of a three-volume novel. It runs as follows: "Gertrude, Princess of Hanau, Countess of Schaumburg, nee Falkenstein, divorcee Lehman."

This interesting personage, who died a short time ago at Prague, in her seventy-seventh year, was the daughter of a well-to-do wine merchant established at Bonn about the commencement of the present century. Endowed by nature with extraordinary personal attractions, she had several offers of marriage while still in her teens, and bestowed her hand, some fifty-eight years ago, upon a young Prussian paymaster called Lehmann, then serving in the Seventh lancers, a regiment quartered at Marienwerder, in West Prussia. Shortly after her union to this person she paid a visit to her parents in her native town, and during her stay with them made the acquaintance of Frederick William, electoral prince of Hesse and a captain of Prussian cavalry in garrison at Bonn. The young officer, who had quitted his father's court in consequence of a quarrel with the reigning elector's "friend," Countess Reichenbach, and was, oddly enough, notorious for his disapproval of princely peccadilloes, fell desperately in love with "Mrs. Captain Lehmann," and soon proposed to make practical recantation of his high principles in her favor, by carrying her off from her husband. The fair Gertrude, however, promptly gave him to understand that her views were exclusively matrimonial. She was, indeed, already a wife, but suggested to his serene highness that her husband, Lehmann, was a sensible and manageable fellow, open to reasons of a certain sort, and that in all probability a little judicious persuasion would convince him of the expediency of parting with his handsome spouse—for a consideration. Negotiations were opened between the husbands in esse and in posse, resulting in a hard cash transaction, whereby Lehmann became the happy possessor of $75,000. Having pocketed this comfortable little compensation he proceeded to institute a divorce suit against his wife upon the plea of "incompatibility of temperament," and as soon as the degree of scheidung had been pronounced, Gertrude Falkenstein, ex-Lehmann, was led to the altar by her "all-serenest" suitor, who a few months later conferred upon her the title of Countess von Schaumburg. The wedding took place in the autumn of 1831, the year in which popular discontent with the elector William's regime in Hesse compelled that singularly dissolute potentate to nominate his son co-regent—a step which practically amounted to his abdication in favor of Frederick William. Frau von Schaumburg, therefore—at that time in the zenith of her beauty—had not long to wait for the position and power to which she had aspired when she resolved to part from the husband of her girlhood's choice, who, by the way, had been compelled to throw up his commission in the Prussian service by his brother officers, and vanished into dishonorable obscurity with the price of his infamy. When she took up her abode, however, in the Hessian capital her new mother-in-law, the electress—an aunt of the present German emperor— refused to sit in the same box with her at the court theatre, whereupon Frederick William gave orders that his mother should thenceforth not be admitted to that place of entertainment. Toward the end of the year the aged electress, ignoring her son's prohibition, paid a visit to the theatre one evening, and was enthusiastically cheered by the audience upon her appearance in a private box. This demonstration was continued in the streets when she left the house, and led to the populace being charged by the elector's body guard, with drawn sabers, at his serene highness' express command. The Hessians never forgave their elector for giving this barbarous order. By causing his subjects to be ridden and cut down for cheering his own mother —a venerable and deeply respected princess — Frederick William utterly destroyed his popularity in the realm of his ancestors. Between 1831 and 1850 Countess Schaumburg bore her husband seven sons and two daughters. Early in the latter year she was created Princess of Hanau by the emperor of Austria. On the elector's death in 1875 she inherited the whole of his enormous fortune, invested in state securities and railway stock, which will be divided among her eight surviving children, the youngest of whom is a lieutenant in the Fourth regiment of Austrian lancers.

The Howling Monkey.

We will begin with the howling monkeys, which are the largest found in America, and are celebrated for the loud voice of the males. Often in the great forests of the Amazon or Orinoco a tremendous noise is heard in the night or early morning, as if a great assemblage of wild beasts were all roaring and screaming together. The noise may be heard for miles, and it is louder and more piercing than that of any other animal, yet it is all produced by a single male howler sitting on the branches of a lofty tree. They are enabled to make this extraordinary noise by means of an organ that is possessed by no other animal. The lower jaw is unusually deep, and this makes room for a hollow bony vessel about the size of a large walnut, situated under the root of the tongue, and having an opening into the windpipe, by which the animal can force air into it. This increases the power of its voice, acting something like the hollow case of a violin, and producing those marvelous rolling and reverberating sounds which caused the celebrated traveler, Waterton, to declare that they were such as might have had their origin in the infernal regions. The howlers are large and stout-bodied monkeys with bearded faces, and very strong and powerful grasping tails. They inhabit the wildest forests; they are very shy and are seldom taken captive, though they are less active than many other American monkeys.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A new industry reported is that of sending frogs to England.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Scientific men in Japan are discussing the possibility of utilizing the internal heat of the earth.

A Belgian engineer is said to have invented a process by which he can weld steel at a red heat. He keeps an essential portion of his method a secret.

There are 112 species of woods in North Carolina. In the entire South ern States there are only fourteen other varieties which are not found in that State.

Mr. Villiers Stuart records that when the mummy of the great warrior Thothmes III. was unswathed the body was found to be unusually short and slight. Hardly had a rapid photograph been taken of the figure than the fragile remains, as if in protest against the violation of their rest, vanished into dust.

Flax is more extensively and more successfully cultivated in Belgium than in any other European country, particularly in South Brabant, Hainault and West and East Flanders, in which the most beautiful flax in Europe is produced, employed for the manufacture of the Brussels lace, and sold for that purpose.

Before an English committee of inquiry, Dr. John Horkinson has expressed the belief that the whole of the electricity generated by one horse-power would not do more than boil a gallon and a half of water an hour. This opinion was given as evidence that electricity is not likely to ever become economically useful for heating purposes.

Monkeys, says Alfred R. Wallace, are usually divided into three kinds—apes, monkeys and baboons; but these do not include the American monkeys, which are really more different from all those of the Old World than any of the latter are from each other. Naturalists, therefore, divide the whole monkey tribe into two families, one having its habitat in the Old World and the other in the New World.

Coronations.

The present czar of Russia, after having announced that his coronation would take place with great pomp at Moscow, in the middle of August, suddenly postponed the ceremony to an indefinite period. Several reasons were alleged for this singular decision. It was said that the health of the czarina was such as to make it necessary to postpone it. It was declared that the czar was unwilling to mark the occasion with concessions as to Russian land, which the peasants expected and demanded. Finally it was gravely whispered that the czar feared to be crowned, lest such an event would give the Nihilists an opportunity to attempt his life. The latter surmise is a very likely one. It is known that the authorities of Moscow have plainly told the czar that if he was crowned in that city they could not answer for the preservation of order or for his personal safety. Preparations to attempt the czar's life have been detected in the ancient capital of Muscovy; and more than one plot to murder him on the day of coronation has been unearthed.

It may be that the Czar Alexander III. will never be crowned. But this is merely the omission of a traditional, but after all, an empty ceremony. It does not add at all to a monarch's authority to rule to be crowned. It is merely a matter of historic pomp and pageantry; it confers no new right or prerogative. Many sovereigns have reigned through long periods and have died uncrowned.

Coronation is, indeed, a very ancient as well as a very imposing rite. It is known, for instance, that Solomon was crowned with great display; and it is probable that the Assyrian and Egyptian kings were all crowned. Coronation, too, in almost every country and period has been a sacred as well as a political ceremony. The head of the sovereign has been anointed with oil, which signifies his consecration to the service of God as well as of the state.

The old Saxon kings of England were wont to be crowned, not at London, but in the ancient and august cathedral of Winchester, or in that lovely riverside town, Kingston-on-Thames. Since the time of the Norman kings, however, the sovereigns of England have always been crowned in Westminster Abbey; and since the time of Edward the First each sovereign has been crowned on the same throne, beneath which rests the "Stone of Destiny" brought from Scotland by the great Edward.

It was formerly the custom in England to date the reign of a king from the day, not of his accession, but of his coronation. Between these two events the sovereign was called "Lord of England," not king, which title he only assumed after he had been duly crowned. This was the case both with Richard the Lion-Hearted and his brother John.

Various reasons have served to cause from time to time the omission of the ceremony of coronation. It is said that Napoleon III. never dared to be crowned, for fear of some catastrophe similar to that which the present czar is now threatened. Napoleon I. had no such fear, and was crowned with great magnificence at Notre Dame.

The ceremony of coronation is still kept up with much state and grandeur in, nearly every monarchy in Christendom; but a king is just as much a king without it as with it. It is the oath which every sovereign takes at the moment of his accession which endows him with the right and the responsibility of ruling over his subjects.—*Youth's Companion.*

Egypt as It Is.

The Egypt of to-day is soon seen: Arab towns of mud huts, long lines of loaded camels and donkeys, and their naked or half-naked drivers, and lazy Arab boys and women begging for backsheesh; the fields of the Nile and the great river itself; the mosque and minaret; the hooded women and turbaned, long-robed men; the acacia and palm; and in the two great cities, luxury along with poverty, dirt with despotism; all the plagues, including an abnormal government; sugar mills and palaces, and an equable temperature, with a sunset that never fails to allure and detain the eye.—*Hon. S. S. Cox.*

Allow fowls, if not confined, to shirk for themselves in the fore part of the day, especially in the warm summer mornings, when numerous insects and worms are out. Make them industrious, get their own living when possible and give them their food after they have done their level best to get a living. It is the active and not the stupid hen that lays the most eggs.

FOR THE LADIES.

Fancy Human Hair.

There is at present, says the New York *Sun*, a scarcity of fancy human hair in the market. The scarcest hair is pure white, and its value is constantly increasing, and if it is unusually long, that is, from four to five feet, the dealer can get almost his own price, while if it is of ordinary length it is worth from $75 to $100 an ounce. The fact that pure white hair is the court coiffure in Europe keeps the demand for it very high. Moreover, it is much prized by American women whose own hair is white, and who desire to enrich its folds, for white hair is held to give a certain distinction to the wearer. There is no fancy market for gray hair. It is too common. It is used to work into wigs of persons who are growing old. What is described as golden hair is either a washed-out pale red or a dull blonde. The gold color so much valued has no relation to red hair, except in the vividness of its coloring. The demand for the virgin gold color is great in the capitals of Europe. A woman who gets a coiffure of it is considered fortunate. A young Brooklyn lady of much beauty possesses a splendid wig, which she chanced to find in a shop in Nice. She was a blonde, but had a scanty supply of dull hair. It did not take her an instant to decide to have her hair cut short and to wear the wig.

There are four type-colors of hair—white, blonde, black and brown—and each of these has been sub-divided into sixteen different shades. The commonest types are black and brown, and these are cheap. Golden brown is much in favor, as is pure black, or what is called blue black, or whose natural hair, streaked with gray, shows in contrast with the false covering. Next to pure white hair the demand is for hair of the color of virgin gold. There are many braids made of hair colored to meet the demand with certain preparations, but they prove unsatisfactory. Many foolish women have sought to change the color of their own tresses, but they have uniformly repented the attempt. A fine suit of hair of the purest blonde type will sell for from $300 to $500. It is said that the Empress Eugenie paid 1,000 francs an ounce for a braid of golden hair that exactly matched her own.

The largest supply of hair comes from France, Switzerland and Germany. The country fairs are attended by agents of merchants in London, Paris and Vienna, who ingratiate themselves into the favor of young girls and persuade them to sell their tresses for glass ornaments or other gewgaws. Only at intervals is a prize like a perfect suit of golden hair obtained, and it is said that there are orders ahead in the shops of Paris and London for all the golden hair that can be obtained in the next seven years. When a stock of hair is collected by traveling agents it is assorted, washed and cleaned. Then each hair is drawn through the eye of a needle and polished. When the stock is ready for the market in Europe, the nobility is permitted to make the first choice.

Fashion Notes.

The new French coiffure is formed of flat bandeaux.

A scarf arranged as a pelerine is a favorite drapery for the shoulders.

Skirts of evening dresses are covered with four flounces of embroidered tulle.

Nearly all shoulder capes have a thick ruche of lace material around the neck.

The newest bodices are glove-fitting, with large and full paniers around the hips.

Freshly gathered flowers are used to trim the hats and corsages of country toilets.

Bonnet-strings are made of very wide ribbon, tied in a butterfly bow under the chin.

Race and coaching toilets are made of the gayest, brightest and richest materials.

White straw pokes, trimmed with white lace only, are much worn by young girls.

The corsages of some very handsome costumes are laced up in front instead of buttoning.

None but home-made dresses, and very ugly ones at that, are inflated with crinoline.

There is an effort to revive wreaths of flowers as headdresses and low clusters behind the ears.

A Paris fashion is to carry very large fans in the carriage for sunshades, instead of parasols.

Flowers are worn to excess not only on all festival occasions, but also in the morning, at home, in the street, and for carriage toilet.

The shirred or gauged Heligolanda or Mother Hubbard garden hat of bright printed or pale tinted satine is worn by young girls of ten and upward.

Black and terra-cotta are the colors most useful for silk stockings, as they can now be worn with almost any dress of the stylish shades without being too striking.

Among splendid novelties sent over from Paris are embroideries of metallic bullion and imitation jewels, incrustations in relief upon velvets, brocades, damasses and satins.

Flowers have almost driven feathers out of favor for trimming hats. A full wreath of roses, without green leaves, is tied by long ribbons around the crown of wide-brimmed manila hats.

Coaching parasols are made gay with embroideries or paintings of hunting, sporting, equestrian and pastoral scenes, flowers, birds and immense gilt monograms or coats of arms or emblematic devices.

Among other fancies is that of fastening the corsage with tiny, bullet-shaped buttons, set on less than an inch apart. The buttonholes are made by machinery. Sometimes there is a double row of buttons.

Satin ribbon three inches wide is worn tied around the waist in preference to stiff belts. Pointed belts outlining the lower part of the corsage are more stylish than those that pass straight around the waist.

Black failles, satins, poplins, watered silk, and also thinner materials, such as grenadines, silk gauses and tulle are all in high fashion. Black silk skirts covered with grenadine plisses and bouillonnes, and accompanied by silk or satin casaques or jacquettes trimmed with black Spanish lace and jet, make thoroughly elegant toilets, enabling the wearer to vary them by colored trimmings and floral garniture if desired.

Painted lace is very much employed on light dresses of one or more colors, such as pale blue merveilleux and pale pink moire; the painted lace, colored to correspond with these two shades, would, however, only be used to trim the principal portions of the dress—the sleeves, bodice and edgings, to the drapery. The flounces, panels or anything requiring a large amount of garniture, would be of the same lace with the designs left uncolored.

A Ride on a Crocodile.

Waterton, the eminent naturalist and observer, has made the most extended observations upon the habits of the South American crocodiles. They were fished for by wire hooks formed of four pieces of hard wood a foot long, barbed at both ends; to these was affixed an animal of some kind, and with rope attached the bait was held over the river or pond, and if once taken the struggles of the creature only served to hook it the more firmly. Waterton was probably the first to ride a cayman, and the following is his account of a capture novel in the extreme: "I placed all the people at the end of the rope and ordered them to pull till the cayman appeared on the surface of the water; and then, should he plunge, to slacken the rope and let him go again in the deep. I now took the mast of the canoe in my hand (the sail being tied around the mast), and sank down upon one knee, about four yards from the water's edge, determined to thrust it down his throat in case he gave me an opportunity; I certainly felt somewhat uncomfortable in this situation, and I thought of Cerberus on the other side of the Styx ferry. The people pulled the cayman to the surface; he plunged furiously as soon as he arrived in these upper regions and immediately went below again on their slacking the rope. I saw enough not to fall in love at first sight. I now told them we would run all risks and have him on land immediately. They pulled again, and out he came—"*monstrum, horrendum, informe.*" This was an interesting moment. I kept my position firmly, with my eye fixed steadfast on him.

"By this time the cayman was within two yards of me. I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation; I instantly dropped the mast, sprang up and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his forelegs and by main force twisted them on his back; thus they served me for a bridle. He now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and probably fancying himself in hostile company, he began to plunge furiously and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. I was out of reach of the strokes of it by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator. The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous that it was some time before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burden further inland. I was apprehensive the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under water with the cayman. The people now dragged us about forty yards on the sand; it was the first and last time I was ever on a cayman's back. After repeated attempts to regain his liberty the cayman gave in and became tranquil through exhaustion. I now managed to tie up his jaws and firmly secured his forefeet in the position I had held them. We had now another severe struggle for superiority, but he was soon overcome, and again remained quiet. While some of the people were pressing upon his head and shoulders I threw myself on his tail, and by keeping it down in the sand prevented him from kicking up another dust. He was finally conveyed to the canoe, and then to the place where we had placed our hammocks. They cut his throat, and after breakfast was over commenced the dissection."

A Consumptive's Fight for Life.

A. H. Barnes, of Reno, Nevada, fights off consumption by wearing a silver tube which passes between the ribs into the lungs. In 1849 Barnes, then living in Sycamore, DeKalb county, Illinois, was declared an incurable consumptive. The lung was tapped and he recovered. In 1863 he was again taken down by the disease, when he once more resorted to the tube and has worn it constantly ever since. There is a daily discharge of matter. Mr. Barnes is a man of very regular and temperate habits, does not use tobacco in any form nor stimulants of any kind, hardly ever uses any medicines, excepting sometimes a little iron for the blood; is always feeling well when the hole in his side is open, sometimes feeling a heaviness there, but has got used to that. This case is certainly worthy the attention of medical men. It seems to give a man a new lease of life even when apparently as good as dead.

When Mr. Barnes conceived the idea of tapping his lung all the physicians but one scouted it as a thing that would prove fatal. However, he persuaded Dr. Woodman to perform the operation. In 1863 Mr. Barnes was in Honey Lake valley, and was on the brink of the grave. Now, again, the resident physicians were opposed to the idea of an incision, and after repeated appeals for an operation, which was refused, Mr. Barnes borrowed a lance and cut open his side himself. He then inserted a catcher, and drawing off nearly a quart of matter immediate relief was found. The cough and expectoration stopped almost instantly, and Mr. Barnes was soon upon his feet again. Thus he has prolonged his life over thirty years.

Playing for Their Fingers.

The Malays have at all times been addicted to gambling. In those days, in Ceylon, they would "play away the ends of their fingers" over the draughtboard. They would sit down with a fire burning, whereon was set a pot of walnut or sesame oil, while beside it lay a small hatchet with an exceedingly sharp edge. The loser placed his hand upon a stone, and the winner chopped off a joint, when the mutilated finger was plunged into the boiling oil and thereby cauterized. Some men, fond of the game, but unskillful or unlucky, had every finger shorn of its tip. —*All the Year Round.*

In 1870 the value of all the men's clothing manufactured in the United States was $147,000,000. In 1880 $125,000,000 worth was made in the five cities of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston and Cincinnati.

The Dead.

The dead alone are great,
While heavenly plants abide on earth;
Their soil is one of dewless dearth;
But when they die a mourning shower
Comes down and makes their memories flower
With odors sweet, though late.

The dead alone are dear.
When they are here strange shadows fall
From our own forms and darken all;
But when they leave us all the shade
Is round our own sad footsteps made;
And they alone are dear.

The dead alone are blest.
When they are here clouds make their day,
And bitter snow-falls nip their May;
But when their tempest time is done
The light and head of Heaven's own sun
Brood on their land of rest.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

William Tell had an arrow escape.

Gum Arabic—The language talked by a toothless pasha.

The bachelor's refrain—a lass! The maiden's refrain—ah men.

If the mosquito would only stay to hum—but they do not; they stay to sing.

"Yes," said a farmer, "barbed wire fences are expensive, but the hired man doesn't stop and rest every time he has to climb it."

A woman who waits for her husband to return from the lodge has an object in view, and more than likely another in hand.

Stoves are supposed to be a somewhat modern invention, but the Egyptians were warmed by Alexander the Great B. C. 300.

"They tell me you have had some money left you," said Brown. "Yes," replied Fogg, sadly, "it left me long ago."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Prisoner, this is the third time this year that you have appeared before this court. What has brought you here now, eh?" "The police, sir!"

This bit of conversation, which we find in an exchange, is both timely and expressive: "I think this ice cream tastes a little cowy," said he. "Mine tastes bully," said she.

A lad who had been bathing was in the act of dressing himself when one of his shoes rolled down the rock and disappeared in the water. In attempting to rescue it he lost the other one also, whereupon contemplating his feet with a most melancholy expression, he apostrophized: "Well, you're a nice pair of orphans, ain't you?"

Their house in the country was raised a few feet from the ground, and Tommy, to escape a well-deserved whipping, ran from his mother and crept under the house. Presently the father came home, and hearing where the boy had taken refuge, crept under to bring him out. As he approached on his hands and knees, Tommy asked: "Is she after you, too?"

A French photographer boasts of having been able to catch the impression of a flying bird. There is nothing at all wonderful about that. A man who has no scientific attainments whatever, without any effort on his part, caught the impression of a flying bat. It was a very clear impression. He was offering a resolution at a ward meeting when the accident occurred.

THE ÆSTHETIC YOUNG LADY.

There was a fair maid named Louise,
Who, for handy-work, painted a frieze;
The room was quite big,
Yet she cared not a fig!
This zealous, æsthetic Louise.
But, alas! for the Lady Louise—
Who worked at her task by degrees—
The style of that day
Had long passed away
Ere she'd come to the end of her frieze!
So, in time, to the group at her knees
(The grandchildren whom she would please)
She said: "I'will improve it,
I'm sure to remove it"—
And that was the end of her frieze!
—*Joel Stacy, in St. Nicholas.*

WISE WORDS.

A nod from a millionaire is a breakfast for a fool.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from impatience.

A wise man makes more opportunities than he finds.

One forgives everything to him who forgives himself nothing.

An hour of triumph comes at last to those who watch and wait.

To be happy in heaven it is not necessary to be miserable on earth.

Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies we should find in each man's life

The Centre Reporter.

FRED KURTZ ..... EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Aug. 31, 1882

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR,
ROBERT E. PATTISON, of Philad.
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
CHAUNCY F. BLACK, of York.
FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
SILAS M. CLARK, of Indiana county.
FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
J. SIMPSON AFRICA, of Huntingdon.
FOR CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE,
MORTIMER F. ELLIOT, of Tioga.

Democratic County Ticket.

REPRESENTATIVES,
HENRY MEYER.
BENJAMIN F. HUNTER.
JURY COMMISSIONER,
J. H. TOLBERT.
CORONER.
DR. H. K. HOY.

IMPORTANT TO VOTERS.

Last day for being assessed and registered—Thursday, Sep. 7th.

Last day for paying taxes—Saturday, October 7th.

Last day for being naturalized—Saturday, October 7th.

Voters should attend to these important matters or it may cause great trouble.

The democrats of Mifflin county have declared for Andrew Reed for congress and nominated W. H. Parcels for assembly.

The Lewistown Democrat & Sentinel came to us last week enlarged and improved. It is now printed as an 8-page paper. We are pleased with the new dress and improved appearance of our neighbor.

The independent republicans of Maine have put a ticket in the field. Maine is the most ticket blessed state in the Union just now, having not less than seven or eight, and that is enormous for so little a state. Things are red hot in Maine.

Pattison our nominee for governor is gaining strength every day. He remains in his office attending to his duties like a faithful servant, and his management has saved Philadelphia several million dollars, and reduced the tax-rate of that city. Here are powerful facts for voters.

An intoxicated fellow went into a saloon in New York and demanded a drink, which the keeper refused, whereupon the drunk drew a pistol and shot him down. He then ran for a horse-car, and with pistol in hand forced the driver to give him the lines and whipping the horses to a gallop made his escape by jumping off after getting to a certain street, when he boarded a ferry boat.

Gov. Sprague is getting up a little war of his own. F. D. Moulton, the purchaser of the Canonchet estate, was repulsed from the property on 24 by Gov. Sprague. Next day Trustee Chafee with his lawyer went down to put Mr. Moulton in possession of his property, and found the place occupied by men hired and armed by Sprague. After an interview with Mr. Sprague's boy, who said that any attempt at entrance would be resisted by rifles, Gatling guns and mitrailleurs, Trustee Chafee decided to withdraw and give the state of Rhode Island a chance to enforce the law.

A brief summary of the work of the Tariff Commission during its Long Branch sojourn is at hand. It is related that, of the witnesses examined by the Commission, twenty-one favored a higher tariff on various articles, twenty-three urged the maintenance of the present, fourteen asked a reclassification of duties, and only seven asked a slight reduction in or the entire abolition of the duty on certain articles. Of these seven only four were consumers alone! The forty four individuals who opposed tariff reduction were all representatives of favored interests who declare that a cutting off of duty would diminish their incomes, and ignored all reference to the demands and necessities of the consumers.

Mexico is soon to have a railway system, connecting the city of Mexico and the entire republic with the United States. The bonds of the company are guaranteed by the republic of Mexico, and ten million dollars worth of them have recently been negotiated in England. The commissioners sent to make this sale came back with half the money in their pockets, and the remainder they expect to obtain in a few months. The road is now ready for the rails for a distance of two hundred miles north from the city of Mexico, and at this end of the rails will soon be laid as far as Monterey. It is expected that the road will be completed and trains running from New York to the City of Mexico by about the end of the year 1883.

Mr. Jay Hubbell shines by comparison The Virginia clerks in the departments at Washington were disposed to grumble when he came down on them for his little 2 per cent., but they think him not near so bad as he might be when they call to mind the grab game of Mr. Mahone. The latter party has made up his mind that a 2 per cent. assessment will not begin to raise the money he needs, so he has notified the persons most interested that they must turn over to his treasurer 5 per cent. of their salaries and by September 22. The Cincinnatti *Gazette* tells of a lady receiving $75 per month, who has just paid $18 to Hubbell, and is now called upon to put up $45 for Mahone. At the end of the month she will be able to draw $12 to divide between the landlord and the grocer.

The predictions that Germany would rival the United States in the production of petroleum and thus rob us of a very important branch of exports does not seem to have been well founded. Consel Canisins writes to the state department from Geestemund, that the petroleum excitement in Germany has subsided, and the attempt to furnish even the people of that country, has been abandoned. The oil fever, he says, rose to an unprecedented height in that country last summer, but has entirely subsided, and the stocks have all together disappeared from the market. He says: "The fervant hopes of German patriots of driving blue bellied Yankees from the vast petroleum stores at Geestemund, Bremerhaven, and other places have not been realized, and probably will not be for a long time. Even raw petroleum is brought over here, which proves that the oblen article is not, even when raw as useful as the American.

"VIEWS."

The Lewistown *Gazette*, a paper for the bosses, is uneasy about Pattison because he has not made known any "views" on important questions of the day. Where there is already good, solid work, such as Pattison has performed for the plundered and ring ridden people of Philadelphia, that is of more consequence than "views." The trouble with the *Gazette's* Beaver is that he is as full of "views" as a dog-kennel is of fleas, he is making a "view" of himself at every dance, picnic frolic, militia drill, camp-meeting, and game of base-ball, in the state. There is entirely to much view about the Beaver business—all view and no works. It is like the fig-tree in the scriptures all "view" of leaves and no figs.

Pattison does not need put out "views," he has borne genuine figs and in abundance for the people who chose him comptroller, and that is all the "view" an honest man will w nt.

Hubbells' fund is proving a handy thing for republican congressmen who follow riotous living, while some of the poor ones from whom the assessments are forced are soarce having any living at all. A story is current in Washington to the effect that a certain Republican Congressman is trembling in his boots in anticipation of an *expose* which is to follow the return of voluntary contributions and Hubbell, of the Congressional Campaign Committee, from his Michigan home. It seems that this "great man of our day" got two thousand of the dollars collected by Hubbell from the laborers at Hell Gate and the teachers and pupils at the Carlisle Barracks Indian School for use in his district, which is accounted doubtful. Having received his portion he left the paternal mansion and strait-way proceeded to waste his substance in riotous living. The money is spent, and the district still doubtful; all is known and the committee, it is said, steraly refuse to kill the fatted calf; on the contrary it is said the man will be allowed to die politically of hunger and thirst.

There is no doubt a good deal of the blackmail collected by the Hubbell Committee goes for wine, women and cards, which are among the relaxations of Republican statesmen.

AN UNFAIR METHOD OF ACTING.

The attempt to link Gen. Beaver's name with different religous and reform organizations for the express purpose of securing votes, reminds us of the proud Pharisee in Christ's time that boasted in the temple that he was not as other men, open to censure and reproach, but a model for others to follow. It looks very much as if the Stalwarts of Pennsylvania were making use of the livery of heaven to serve their political purposes. General Beaver discounts his character as a man, much more as a professing Christian, when he attempts to use it for secular purposes. We do not desire to impugn his integrity, or call in question his religious sentiments, unless he makes too much of them in the pending canvass. We then, will have a right to criticise and censure. So far as our knowledge extends Mr. Pattison is a gentleman of quite as good a character and as firmly established in sound doctrines as General Beaver. It is not his nature, however, to parade his religous views before the public for the purpose of securing political favor. While the Y. M. C. A. is a most worthy institution, deserving of recognition as an aid to the church, it does not contain all who labor as Christain workers, and should not openly interest itself to bolstering up any man's political fortunes, unless a dangerous influence is operating, calling for exertion. Mr. Pattison is just as deserving of the moral support of the people as General Beaver, although he is not intruding upon that class, and Pharisnically proclaiming his virtues. Politiical reform is the issue that is now commanding attention, and Mr. Pattison represents that element more fully than any person now placed before the voters of this Commonwealth, while Gen. Beaver is the representative of a corrupt dynasty, so impregnated with the virus of partisan malice as to draw around him the worst class of politicians—a class that has disgraced the State and nation for years. Is it not time, then, to take the men and their political surroundings into consideration, rather than allow their religious professions to control ? We trust, therefore, that every voter will consider the relative bearing each candidate possesses before allowing collateral influences to have any weight. Robert E. Pattison represents the reform sentiment of the State, and is pledged to make use of that element in moulding the State government, should he be vested with power, while his opponent represents Stalwart Republicanism, an element that is so obnoxious that the better portion of the Republican party have rebelled and nominated a reform ticket. Under such circumstances the intelligent voter will not be easily led to support Gen. Beaver, if that gentleman does see fit to use his religous affiliations for a political purpose.

CAMERON DENOUNCED BY THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE.

Harrisburg, August 24, 1882.—Senator Stewart, independent republican candidate for Governor, addressed about five hundred people at Mechanicsburg, Cumberland county, to-night. He was particularly severe in his arraignment of Senator Cameron for his autocratic rule in the domain of Pennsylvania politics. He expressed his regret that General Beaver, the regular republican nominee for Governor, was not present, as he would like to tell him that he was J. Donald Cameron's candidate. He charged Beaver with being in favor of political assessments after he had declared, when accepting the nomination for Governor, that the platform touching on this point should be faithfully carried out. As to Beaver's recent remark, that Senator Cameron was a small man, and the explanation by the same person that he meant physically, Stewart said: "Cameron bestrides the Commonwealth like a Colossus and General sits beneath his legs looking up for a grateful smile of recognition." He gave numerous illustrations to show the potent influence exerted by Cameron, by means of the great patronage he controlled and said it was expected to elect the Cameron candidate by the illegitimate use of money extorted from the 10,000 fedreal office-holders in the state. "Beaver," he said, "owed his nomination to his obedience to the commands of Senator Cameron at the Chicago Convention, in voting for General Grant; until he did this Cameron would give him no recognition as a candidate for Governor, a position to which he had aspired at two previous conventions." Stewart said the independent republican canvass was drawing to it the best minds of the State, and that it showed no signs of wavering.

After Hubbell has squeezed them dry, next comes Cameron's State Chairman, Cooper, in a raid on the Pennsylvania clerks at Washington. A special to the Chicago *Tribune* says:

The Pennsylvania Republican Committees are sending their demands for *voluntary* contributions to all the clerks from that State in the departments here. The demands are *for voluntary* offerings of two per cent. They come to the women as well as to the men. Cases come to light every day of widows of large families who have already paid $24 to Hubbell receiving a second demand from Pennsylvania for a like amount for local puposes, all to be contributed voluntarily during the present month.

Ex-Senator Dorsey states that he was tendered the position of Secretary of the Interior in President Garfield's Cabinet, and was urged on several occasions to accept.

Senator Hill's last words, spoken to his pastor, were "almost home," and he seemed conscious up to the moment of death.

It is stated ex-Senator Blaine has declared for the Strait-out-Republicans in Virginia, and against the Mahone Coalition.

Press Opinions.

Meadville *Journal*, Rep.: How is it, if Beaver is eminently qualified for Governor, that he received only a dozen votes in 1878 in the State Convention? He was just as much of a "Christian gentleman" then as he is now. He had only one leg then, just as he only has one leg now. He was just as much of a battle-scared hero then as now. But Mr. Cameron was not for him then. He passed him by and took up another. The probability is he didn't feel just safe with Beaver then. He wanted some conspicuous proof that if he "made" Beaver Governor Beaver would be his Governor. So he took Beaver to Chicago with him and made him chairman of the delegation and put through thirty-six ballots for Grant. He rightly concluded that a man who could do that was a suitable man for him to make Governor. This is probably just why Cameron couldn't make Beaver Governor in 1878 and why he decided Beaver was just the man for Governor in 1882.

The Reading *News* editor thinks that the Republican bosses must have corns on their feet or they would not dance a French horn pipe so often when reference is made to the successful movement favoring a democratic victory in November, with Pattison's reform record as the basis of action. No man, be he boss or otherwise, likes to have his corns pinched. How they worry. When they read the reform record of Mr. Pattison they become almost as furious as a bull when a red flag is flaunted at him. They can't stand it. It would not be half so bad, did it not carry with it a stern rebuke. After an unobstructed, and almost unquestioned, control of public administration for twenty years, they have not a single reform to present to the people. It is too much to bear, when they realize that the great reformer of the day is a Democrat, and a young man at that. Let us look at his record; it is the nicest kind of reading for tax payers. Since Mr. Pattison has been in the Controller's office—and put there by the joint votes of Democrats and Republicans, mind that, ye bosses and political machinists—his efficient services have promoted the cause of municipal reform and effected:

1st. A steady reduction of the city debt.

2d. A reduction in the department expenses.

3d. A reduction of the tax-rate.

This is a great record; a record few men can show. Few old, experienced, administrators of the public service can show such well doing; but when it belongs to a young man, it is worthy of all acceptation.

Why are the bosses so silent over Beaver's reform record? Has he any? Unfortunately he has a record, and the record is not a good one. As President of the Board of Trustees of the Pennsylvania Agricultural College, he had every opportunity to institute reform in that institution—but he did not. He shut eyes and ears to complaints, and let the institution run along in the old rut. About half a million of dollars have been squandered, and worse than nothing accomplished. If Beaver could not introduce reforms into an Agricultural College, how can he do it in the State Government? There is one safe course to pursue—elect Pattison for Governor. His course is known; he is no pretender; he gets right down to hard-pan of true reform, by saving money to the people. This is the way to do it, and this way it will continue when Pattison becomes Governor. He has been stopping leaks through mouse holes in the Controller's office, but he will find rat holes in Harrisburg. His reform stopper will close them all up. The people have been fed so long on spread-eagle promises they are disgusted; they want more substantial food, which they will get in Pattison. He was nominated because of the splendid record he had already made, and not because of promises. His past is his guarantee of the future.—Doylestown *Democrat*.

ARABI'S HOPES FLICKERING.

Surrender of a Large Force of Egyptians to the British.

Alexandria, August 24.—A dispatch just received states that Tel-el-Kebir was taken by the British this morning with 2,000 prisoners. Tel-el-Kebir was chosen by Arabi as a strategic position where he could meet the British forces to best advantage, and the supposition has been that he meant to make the contest there the most stubborn one of the war. His forces in the vicinity numbering over twenty-five thousand men.

Intelligence received at this place states that the Boulak-el-Dakruf railway has been cut a short distance south of El-Kitab, supposed by the Bedouins with the object of cutting off Arabi Pasha's retreat to Upper Egypt. Sultan Pasha has received information from Upper Egypt that a strong feeling against Arabi existed among the people because of his exactions.

FATAL FIGHT BETWEEN WOMEN.

Clarksville, Tenn., August 26.—This morning Mrs. Daniel Hanley and Mrs. Shepherd, residing at this place, engaged in a dispute that ended in a savage fight. Both women fought with ferocity of tigers, biting each other and scratching until the blood flowed in streams from their arms and faces. While the combatants were clinched Mrs. Shepherd's son, aged seventeen years, approached them with a hatchet and struck Mrs. Hanley on the head with it, splitting her skull and killing her instantly.

Little Rock, August 24.—An exciting horse thief hunt is progressing in Van Buren county, Ill. Two of the thieves were killed on 22, and one has been sent to the penitentiary for sixteen years. The band is made up of desperate characters and trouble is anticipated in their capture.

Visalia, Cal., Aug. 23.—Yesterday Ben. Harris, colored man, shot and mortally wounded his wife. He killed his step-daughter, aged 14 years, and severely wounded another stepdaughter, aged 10 years, with an axe. He made his escape before the news of the tragedy reached town. Thirty men are in hot pursuit of the murderer.

Leland, Ill., August 27.—This evening Mrs. J. M. Stratton, wife of a successful lawyer here, shot her husband and then herself, both dying immediately. No cause is assigned for the deed. They had been married but a short time and it was supposed lived happily together. A little while before the shooting neighbors heard words between them.

Lancaster, August 27.—The Hocking Valley Manufacturing Company's works at this place were burned this morning. Loss, $135,000; insurance, $31,000.

At Brownsville, Texas, there were fifty-two new cases of yellow fever and four deaths, five cases at Point Isabel and five deaths in Matamoras.

A boarding house keeper at Brookfield, Mass., attempted to poison his whole family and nine boarders with Paris green.

A true strengthening medicine and health renewer is Brown's Iron Bitters.

Emmert's churn factory at Freeport Ill., was burned Saturday. Loss $10,000

THE STAR ROUTE TRIAL.

COUNSEL FOR DEFENSE RAISES A BREEZE IN COURT.

The Government Warned to Keep Hands Off.

Washington, August 22.—Mr. Totten closed his argument in the Star Route trial with an eloquent peroration, in which he insisted that upon the evidence the jury must find a verdict which would bring joy to the homes of the defendants instead of filling them with weeping and lamentation. McSweeney, of counsel for the defense, then addressed the jury. Let there be an end, he said, to these unauthorized interviews in which it was said that the Attorney General would come here and show that the Government was in earnest in these prosecutions. Mr. Ker had encouraged the defense at first, and said McSweeny had no business before this jury, but that his proper place was on his knees at the White House asking pardon at the round table of Prince Arthur. Mr. Ker had also expressed his expectation of seeing the gentleman who followed him (Ingersoll) also on his knees going up to the White House aforesaid on precisely the same mission.

Mr. Ker—I did not say "Gentleman."

Mr. McSweeney—Is that a double entender? Well, I say "gentleman." Brother Ingersoll was to follow on his knees. Just after that speech of Mr. Ker there comes a long notice from the Attorney General that there shall be no pardon found.

Mr. Merrick—Is there any evidence of this?

Mr. McSweeney—Yes.

Merrick—The counsel says there was a statement in relation to pardon. Is there any evidence? Evidence in the record of anything that the Attorney General has said in relation to pardon?

McSweeney—No, sir. There is not.

The Court suggested that Mr. McSweeney's remark was merely a playful answer to Mr. Ker.

Merrick—No, sir. It is something from a public print in relation to something the Attorney General had said, and if they were to read the interview—

McSweeney—I could not read the interview. Let me say this: Intimations were made at an early day as to the interest which the Government would take in this case and how the Attorney General would drop in here from time to time to give us the assurance of his profound sympathy with the prosecution. All I have to say in answer to this talk of our friends about Government prosecution is, "Keep your hands off; you have no business here." I want no threats neither out of Court or in Court about what the Government wants or what the Executive wants, or what he does not want. He has no right, nor have the counsel any right to attempt in the remotest degrees even to impute that they are representatives of a power that sympathizes with them in their war against a citizen. I say to them in their White House, in their capital and in sight of the capital, that if they come into this court house they must come scepterless and crownless, so far as power is concerned.

In the further course of his remarks McSweeney raised a laugh against the prosecution (in which the counsel themselves joined) by alluding to them as high-toned subcontractors of the Department of Justice.

Before the conclusion of Mr. McSweeney's address Court adjourned until to morrow.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

What Has Been Done and What is Being Done by the Engineers.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.]

Operations in connection with the projected Panama Canal have for some time past been principally directed to the completion of the surveys along the line of the canal. The work, though prosecuted with all possible despatch, has met with considerable vexatious dely in endeavoring to materially reduce the excavations after the central line of the canal shall be determined. Withthis end in view, the regular engineer corps have been divided into exploring parties, each having its designated localities for a field of operations. The instructions invariably received are to ascertain the topography of the country along the main line of the canal as at present decided upon, note carefully the different acclivities encountered in the immediate vicinity and their adaptability for stations. On the conclusion of these researches a report is submitted to the Executive Board at Panama, and by the comparison which is instituted a line is reached as a basis for future operations. Under the direction of Pedro Sosa, a prominent Columbian engineer, excellent results have been arrived at, so as that the excavations originally proposed have been materially reduced.

THE CENTRAL LINE.

In an interview with Jeromino Ossa, a member of the engineer corps in Panama, and who arrived in this city by the last steamer, it was maintained that the surveying had now been finished and that attention is now concentrated upon determining the centre of the canal. The route of the canal has already been cleared of trees, and with the above exception, everything is in readiness for the excavation to commence. In fact, a contract has already been given to excavate a distance of eight miles, from Colon to Gatun, and it is expected that work will be commenced on November 1. As has been previously noticed in the *Chronicle*, the machinery to be used in this work is in process of construction, some of it awaiting shipment from this city to New York.

DAMMING THE CHAGRES.

The most important labor, that of erecting a dam at Gamboa, on the Chagres River, engrosses the attention of the engineers. Over sixty kilometres of the river have been explored, and its affluents and currents studied. In another direction tracks have been laid for the purpose of carrying the excavated earth and stones to the proposed site of the dam, while along the whole route of the canal, from Colon to Panama, stations have been established. A large number of warehouses have also been built. A commodious hospital has been constructed upon an eminence in Panama for the benefit of the canal company's employes and placed under the direction of competent physicians. An additional contract to that cited above has been given for the excavation of 87,000 cubic meters at Obispo, where a large warehouse will be built, as well as additional shops to those already mentioned.

HORRIBLE PLOT

Of Alabama Negroes to Murder White Citizens.

Mobile, August 21.—In Choctaw county, Alabama, on the 16 instant, a bundle of papers disclosing a well organized plot among the negroes to kill the entire white population of that county was found near one of their rendezvous by two gentlemen, who laid the matter before the Solicitor. On the 16th a quiet meeting of citizens of Mount Sterling and Butler was called at Butler to consider the best mode of suppressing the intended outbreak and massacre. After discussion it was agreed that the following ringleaders, Jack Turner, F. D. Barney, Jesse Wilson, Peter Hill, Willis Lyman, Aaron Scott and Range West, to whom had been assigned the duty of leading the respective squads to Butler, Mount Sterling, Desotoville and other places, and kill all the whites in each place, should be arrested and lodged in jail. Their arrest was effected on the 19th inst. without disturbance or bloodshed. The same day a mass meeting of citizens of all classes was called to decide the fate of the prisoners.

The plot had been in existance since 1873, and the conspirators now number four hundred. They have powder, shot and guns, and think themselves sufficiently strong to accomplish their fiendish design. Sunday night, the 17th of September, had been appointed as the date for its consummation. The papers further showed that this day was selected because then white people would be at campmeeting unarmed and could offer no resistance.

The meeting called for Saturday brought together about 700 men, among whom were about 150 negroes, who, after hearing the papers read, by an almost unanimous vote decided that Jack Turner was a turbulent and dangerous character, a regular firebrand in the community, and that the public demanded his immediate death. He was according hanged about 1:15 the same afternoon in the presence of the assembled multitude.

The crowd then dispersed, and all signs of disturbance ceased. The other prisoners are still in jail to await further developments.

CHUCKCHEES AT HOME.

Some Strange Customs of a Strange People.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald* describes some of the manners and customs of the Chuckchees, a primitive tribe living within the Arctic circle. It was among these people that the crew of Rodgers spent a few months. The correspondent says: "The dwelling—which can scarcely be dignified by the name of house—is oval shaped, or, to convey a somewhat distinct idea, resembles an inverted basin. When a dwelling is erected the formation is necessarily suited to their primitive appliances. An upright piece of drift-wood, sometimes whalebones lashed together with walrus hide, seves as a centre pole. Springing from this centre is a series of curved bones or wood, forming a support for the walrus hide covering. This covering is rudely sewn with thongs of sealskin and fastened at the ground by means of twisted walrus hide ropes, the ends of which are secured to rocks, which serves in lieu of tent pins. The interstices between the rocks and the points where the hide comes to the ground are filled in with hard, beated snow. The entrance to the hut invariably faces the south, while a raindeer skin serves as a door. Having gained admission through this entry, a space intervenes between it and the main portion of the hut. It is in this space that the residents strip off every stitch of clothing—the females alone wearing a narrow loin fillet made of tanned dearskin—before going into this compartment. It is customary upon the arrival of strangers to receive them as described in a previous letter. Sickening odors greet the nontrils as the interior is reached—an odor arising from the congregation of many human beings, the smoke from the burning seal oil lamp, and mixture of smells composed of rotten meat and decayed matter. But the Rodgers crew, by virtue of necessity, soon became accustomed to the smells. Repugnant as it was to their feelings, force of circumstances compelled them to conform in every way to the habits of their Chuckchee hosts. The bills of fare varied but little during their residence, the only addition to their menu being monthly, when the issue of the scanty rations took place, which were shared by the men with their native companions. Frozen, rotten walrus meat, sometimes the flesh of a hair-seal or fish, invariably eaten raw, were the staple articles of dietary. As a sort of "bonne bouche" reindeer's blood in a frozen state was occasionally served out. The blood had been brought from the interior in the summer, and transported in bags made of the stomach of the seal. With this blood is mixed a grass, probably a species of sorrel, as the taste is described as being extremely sour, but this intensification may be possibly due to the fermentation that ensues form its admixture with the blood. The pangs of hunger alone compelled the Rodgers men to partake of this substance. Those who did eat it say "that the stench was so disgusting that during the act of deglutition, and even while conveying it to their mouth, they had to compress the nostrils to shut out the smell." During the winter the first repast takes place from 8 to 4 a. m., the final meal previous to retiring to rest about 3 to 4 p. m. In spring and summer, however, the days are long, they rise at dawn and go out in their skin boats—which are built of walrus hide and modelled after the type in use by the Innuites of Alaska—to seal or walrus for winter supplies. Then the meal hours are midday and 8 p. m., or before seeking their couches.

The feminine tenents of the hut do the carving, or rather hacking, with small hatchets, procured in trade from the whaling ships. This process divides the lumps of frozen meat into portions of large size, which are placed in a wooden trough. Each individual then squats on either side of the trough, and should some reckless individual fail to grabble a piece of the meat he goes minus a meal for that occasion. The Chuckchees are very fast eaters, and, to use the words of one of the crew, "If you don't try and follow suit in eating you'll get nothing." After the meal was finished the trough is licked by the women and every particle of meat or oleaginous matter that clings to the wood is thereby removed. The only use they make of water is for drinking purposes. This is obtained by melting snow in a hole dug in the centre of the hut, sometimes in a bucket, the liquefaction being promoted by the heated atmosphere of the apartment. How the dogs that serve to draw the sledges obtain strength is a marvel; the beasts seldom ever get even a sniff of the rotten meat, and probably consider themselves very lucky if by chance they should fall across a piece of walrus or seal hide. When reduced to starvation the strong ones fall upon those that are helpless and weak, literally rend them to pieces and devour the entire body, flesh, bones and even the skin. The aversion and loathing with which the officers and men regarded these horrible messes of dog, rotten walrus and seal meat can scarcely be imagined. But these Chuckchees save cheerfully the best fare they had and shared it equitably with the crew and their families without displaying any hopes of future reward.

So far as possessing any religion or having any conception of a Supreme Being, the Chuckchees appear to be without any belief. But in common with the Esquimaux, Koloshi, the pure Aleut of the pre-Russian occupation of Alaska and the various islands of the Alutian Archipelago, they have a Shaman, or medicine man, who in the Chuckchees language is called "Iyangium." These individuals seem to have great sway and exert large influence over the Chuckchees. Under the pretense they were in, or have the power to hold, communication with the "Komcocks," or spirits that dwell in the mountains and the sea, they delude their people with the idea that no hunting, traveling or trading expedition should be undertaken without the spirits being consulted through their medium.

The correspondent saw a girl die; in one hand some rotten walrus meat was put, while the other held a wooden spoon. Then her boots were drawn on and the "Iyanglum" and the neighbors were sent for. As soon as the whole of the invited guests had arrived the "Iyangium" tied the end of a long coil of sealskin rope around the head of the girl, the other end be fastened to a stick resembling a crutch in form. The father of the girl then commenced asking questions, and at each query the rope was lifted up, causing the girl's head to raise from off the ground. This performance lasted three hours, during which time there was not a sound heard in the hut. At the expiration of the period food was partaken of by all present, after which the "Iyangium" producing some seal-gut rope, proceeded to lash the corpse, tying the arms close to the body and the legs with the feet pointing outward. A sledge was then prepared on the outside, and the girl's father taking a knife cut a slit in the side of the hut as a passage way for the removal of the corpse. The dead are not allowed to be carried through the ordinary entrance, as the natives say: "Should this happen the spirit will find its way home again." The body being placed on the sledge the natives proceed to pull it and another sledge with provisions toward a high range of hills distant some fifty miles inland. Resuming the ordinary avocations upon their return, at the expiration of four days they return to the body to ascertain whether the crows have eaten the walrus meat which had been placed in her hand. If the meat had been eaten it is regarded as a favorable omen, as they will in future hunts be very successful. The last farewell takes place fifteen days after the previous visitation, the object of which is to discover whether the crows have picked the eyes out of the corpse, the Chuckchees believing that the visual organ is deemed a savory morsel by the birds. If this suspicious event has taken place, it is regarded as an augury that no more deaths will take place for a year. Then the body is covered up with snow and left to rot away or be eaten up by the crows and dogs.

After a babe has been ushered into the world two blocks of frozen snow are placed on top of each other, with six stones arranged in a circle on the summit, the whole being placed in the interior compartment of the hut, where the blocks gradually melt. According to the position in which the stones fall to the ground so the future career of the child is determined. The child is not washed or tended in any manner except receiving its usual nourishment from the mother. To a stranger it seems very remarkable that the infant lives at all, when the exposure they undergo is considered. The mother gives her child milk but once a day, then stuffs a piece of rotten meat into its hand and lays it on the ground, where it lays quiet and contented for the day and night. So fares the baby Chuckchee.

Marriages are conducted in a very primitive style. No tender, languishing airs or loving looks are indulged in by the Chuckchee lover in need of an Amaryllis. Should a man wish to marry a girl he simply asks the consent of her father, which is generally given without the least reluctance, as it appears to be the desire of the parents to rid their huts of their daughters as soon as they possibly can. When the nuptial day arrives the bridegroom's relatives proceed in a body, accompanied by the "Iyanglum" and his drum, to the hut wherein dwells the bride. The lamps are extinguished and the ceremonies consist of an oration, singing and beating the drum by the "Iyanglum," the whole performance occupying about an hour. Then feasting commences, the piece de resistance at the marriage banquet being walrus head and brains. When all present have gorged themselves to repletion the newly wedded couple go to their hut and the knot is fimly tied. It is the custom among the Chuckchees to have a plurality of wives, but the greatest number seen by the Rodgers people attached to one man was five.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS IN PRISON.

An Aged Kentucky Convict Proposes to Change His Mode of Life.

The gates of the Jeffersonville penitentiary parted yesterday for an old convict, who, if anything, has walked away from "Dickens' Dutchman" in the matter of prison experience. Yesterday completed his sixth term in the Prison South, his confinement aggregating thirty-five years. He has turned seventy five, and goes out into the world without a friend or relative. For thirty-two years he has seen his fellow prisoners depart one by one, many to the grave, until to-day there isn't an officer or convict in the prison who was there when he entered it, thirty-five years ago. He has been married four times, and was divorced from all of his wives, living with each of them but a short time. He has been pardoned from prison twice, once by Gov. Willard and once by Gov. Wright In 1839 he was sent from Wayne county, Ind., to serve three years for larceny.

At this time the institution was situated at the corner of Ohio avenue and Market street and was leased by Col. S. H. Patterson and Mr. Henzley. There were but about one hundred convicts in the prison, and they were employed making brick and chopping wood for the farmers of Clark county. They also carried on blacksmithing and wagon making to a large extent. Hicks was a model blacksmith, and superintended all the iron work of the building of the Southern prison for the contractors, Patterson & Pratt. Hicks was first sent from Wayne county for three years; the second time he came from Lawrence county to serve ten years; the third from Daviess county, for seven years; the fourth from Montgomery, for four years; the fifth from Marion, for three years; sixth from Franklin county, for four years. He also served a term of two years in the Jolliet prison in Illinois.

During all of his imprisonment he has never lost a moment's "good time," and has been in the best of health, and contented with his lot. During the last term of his imprisonment he has been employed as keeper of the big gate through which the wagons enter the institution. When he first entered this he was the prisoner, received corn bread and water, with occasionally a little meat, but no coffee. Barney Rosenthal, the tailor, has made five suits of clothing for Hicks, and now the sixth is completed. Hicks says he has become tired of prison life. He will leave for Hamilton, Ohio, to spend the remainder of his days.

A chief secret of the success of the Salvation Army is found in the constant effort of the leaders to keep their meetings lively. They are not disturbed by the fear of irreverence, but they are afraid of dullness. By hymn, prayer, and ejaculation the congregation is kept in a state of constant excitement, which often rises to enthusiasm. The "captain" must have tact, as well as firmness and good humor to keep the whole proceedings going. A correspondent quotes the remark of the "captain" of one meeting in London: "We had too long speeches this morning. Go to the point at once and let no one talk more than a minute and a half." Racy observations, humorous repartees, and telling remarks (some of them obviously premeditated) seem to constitute a great part of the attractiveness of the service. The correspondent continues:

"The 'General' now enters. The band strikes up. There is great waving of pocket-handkerchiefs. General Booth is a man of keen, dark eyes, aquiline nose, and iron-gray beard. His strength does not seem to lie in powers of oratory, but in the gift of organization. All present were thoroughly under command. As many as have got salvation fire a volley," shouted the General; and forthwith a volley of 'Amens' was shouted out. What impressed me most was the admirable organization of the whole thing, there being a place for every one and every one in his or her place. Young boys broke in with 'Amens,' children beat tambourines which had been distributed to the girls, even the baby on the platform I rather think was dandled in time with the hymn that was being sung. One could easily see that the 'Glories' and 'Amens' were not the outbursts of spontaneous feeling, as they came in with regularity and precision which implied excellent training."

The lesson for our humdrum churches to learn from this is the necessity of avoiding dullness. Even in the Episcopal churches, which provide for responses, how few can be got to say "Amen" audibly, while a Presbyterian or Congregational church would be shocked if an earnest brother should speak the word which Paul expects every worshiper to repeat in unison with the public prayers.

APACHES RAVAGING SONORA.

Tucson, A. T., August 18.—Advices from Trinidad, Sonora, of the 16th instant, say that the Apaches are depredating and committing frightful atrocities in the Sahuahupa district. A large force of Mexicans is in close pursuit of the redskins. At Taratuc ranch the Apaches killed six men; passing Lamesa Paloma they killed two in Lucuchilla and two in Arinchondo, and for three hours afterward attacked Zinciarigi, killing eleven women and a child, putting them to death by the most cruel torture. Four of the men of the ranch who were returning saw the houses on fire and fled. The Apaches gave chase. Three of the men took refuge among the rocks and were defending themselves when the fourth man, who escaped, brought the news to Trinidad. A large force of citizens started at once to the rescue, and couriers were sent in all directions to warn the settlers of the whereabouts of the hostiles. No mail riders have arrived for several days. It is believed that all have been fallen victims to the Apaches. The number of hostiles is about two hundred, commanded by Juh, the Chihuahua chief who escaped after the battle with General Fuero last spring. Authenticated reports state that a band of Apaches have penetrated Alamer and are depredating there. General Reys, with a large force in the Sahuahupa district, declares that he will not spare a buck, a squaw or papoose if he again encounters them.

THE RESOURCES OF EGYPT.

The London *Times* has printed an exhaustive article upon the resources of Egypt, compiled from the latest and most authoritative statistics, which contains some interesting information in view of the prominent position which that country now occupies before the world. The population of Egypt proper consists of 5,518,000 souls, and that this population is principally rural is shown by the census of the following chief towns: Cairo 327,461, Alexandria 165 652, Damietta 32,630, Rosetta 16,243, Suez 11,327, Port Said 3,854. The exports of Egypt consist of entirely natural produce, such as cotton, wheat, sugar, and beans, amounting in 1880 to $67,625,000, while the imports of cotton manufactures, coal, indigo and timber amounted in the same year to $34,115,000, the excess of exports indicating the magnitude of her foreign indebtedness, more than two-thirds of which is to Great Britain. In addition to the political and indirect interests of England is the canal, she has a direct interest in it to the extent of $20,000,000, represented in shares bought in 1876 and twelve years' interest due. Classifying all the loans, there is a total of $300 000,000 of capital invested in what is practically a mortgage on Egypt. Five English banking companies represent $15,000,000, and these banking establishments have arisen not from any needs of the agricultural people in Egypt, but from the needs of those engaged in the transit trade.

Mount Pulaski, Mo., August 21.—Chas. Mahon, who lived four miles east of this city, who has been missing for three days, was discovered yesterday, with two young men who had been working for him, all three blindfolded and their throats cut from ear to ear. No cause is known for the deed.

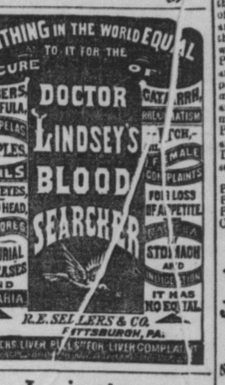
N. B. **The Bad and Worthless** Are never *imitated* or *counterfeited.*

This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy *imitated* is of the highest value.

As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B.

Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously cunningly devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits.

Beware of them. Touch none of them, but: Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits. (2)



Invitation.

Strangers are invited to visit our store, when in Philadelphia, to leave packages there, and to make a convenience of it generally. It is a handy place, right by the new City

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa., Aug. 31, 1882.

FRED KURTZ, ... Editor.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2 50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ad's at special rates.

"THERE'S NO SUCCESS LIKE SUCCESS."

Rapid Sales keep our Counters clear of old goods—Railroad and Telegraphic facilities give us quick communication with the world's markets—You know where to find us—

G. R. SPIGELMYER, & Co's "Fair,"
WHITMER & Co's "Supply Depot"
SPRING MILLS.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——We will send the REPORTER, for the campaign, in clubs of 20, for $4.00. Send in names for clubs of 20.

——Jasper Brumgart, merchant of Rebersburg, gave us a call on Monday.

If you are sick and troubled with dyspepsie, Brown's Iron Bitters will cure you.

——The Farmers Mills cornet band will hold a basket picnic and festival at Long's cave, 16 September.

——Two peach trains collided on the Delaware division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. A quick way to make peach jam.

——Dry-goods, notions, and groceries, new stock just opened at Brockerhoff's, Centre Hall, place for cheap goods and No. 1 bargains.

——Rev. Koser, of Pine Grove Mills, will preach in the Loop church, on Sunday morning, 10th, and in the afternoon, same day, at 2, at Centre Hall—filling Rev. Fischer's appointments. 2t

——The best canned fruit ten per cent. cheaper than elsewhere, at Brockerhoffs, the cheap store, without competition for low prices. Only call.

——At Scranton, a few days ago, Howard John, fourteen years old, while carelessly handling a revolver, fatally shot himself, the ball penetrated the brain. Pistols and coal oil cans cause many funerals.

——Get a peck of nice, fresh sweet potatoes at Sechlers, and have something nice for your table. All fruit and vegetables in season, to be had there. Sechlers will allow the farmers the highest price for all kinds of produce. Only bring 'em.

——The Pennsylvania railroad company is trying to prevent the Sunbury, Shamokin and Lewisburg railroad, from crossing the Lewisburg and Tyrone railroad, at Lewisburg.

——The REPORTER for the campaign only 35 cts. Reader, send at least one or two names, and kelp the cause of right against bosses and corruption.

——McMullen, living at Pine Creek Mills, going home from the re-union at Rebersburg, on Friday evening, attempted to drive around some parties and upset his wagon injuring a young lady veay much.

——The Juniata Valley printers' picnic will be held at Bellefonte, on Friday. A special train will bring the party, numbering from four to six hundred, in the morning. There will be a firemen's parade, and a hop at the Bush house afternoon and evening. All will be done by the citizens to make the affair pleasant for the pic-nicers.

—— Democrats, greenbackers, independents, stalwarts, prohibitionists—men of every shade of politics and religion—are united upon the one important thing, that headquarters for pure and fresh groceries is always at Sechlers, in the Bush house block.

——At last we had a rain that meant business. It began to come down on Friday night, and we may say continued with scarce any interruption until Monday morning; at times it was heavy and at no time a drizzle. The ground is now thoroughly soaked, and the late corn and pasture will be benefited, and the ground will be in better condition for plowing.

——Carpets at Brockerhoffs, Centre Hall, the largest and best assortment in the valley. Persons wanting carpets are invited to see Brockerhoff's stock, larger, cheaper and handsomer than any other, and not to be excelled in the county.

——Our town on Monday afternoon had quite an oxodus from a steer that tried to make its exodus rather than go to Solt's slaughter house. It became much enraged and was goaded to madness by blows, and wouldn't drive worth a cent, except to turn and drive men and boys. The way it would go for bold sogers, make them take to the fences was amusing, until by means of ropes it was fastened against harm and taken captive to the slaughter pen.

——You need not worry about the scarcity of fruit, dear woman, even if it were never so plenty, you can always buy the best article already canned at Sechler's grocery, cheaper and far better than if you put it up with your own hands.

—— Two freight trains collided on the Bald Eagle Valley Railroad between Vail and East Tyrone, on Friday night at an early hour. Conductor Albert Mills, of Altoona, was instantly killed; John Foster, a train hand, received internal injuries; Engineer Wm. Blair was badly cut and bruised; Decatur Smith, a brakeman, had an arm broke, and John Wingate, Engineer Farrell and Ammerman were badly bruised.

——What is the secret of your success, asked one neighbor of another, I see you are always happy and seem to have things go right at home always? The neighbor replied, it all lay in supplying his family with pure, fresh and wholesome groceries from Sechler & Co., headquarters for such goods.

——The light-fingered operators are reaping a harvest at William's Grove by scooping in well-filled pocketbooks, gold watches, etc. In most instances unsophisticated and inexperienced "grangers" are the victims. One farmer who had $35 lifted from his vest pocket was so much "put out" that he didn't stay to see the show.

——Robert E. Pattison's Grand March, by Frank Green. A newly and very pretty march written by the popular author, and named after the young candidate for the Governorship of Pennsylvania. The author is so well known among the musical people of this country for his excellence and popularity of his compositions, and the subject of the March is so well and favorably known as a public official, that no word of ours is necessary to introduce them. Robert E. Pattison's Grand March will be admired as much by those who are not of his political faith, as by his most ardent supporters. Title-page illustrated with a perfect likeness of Mr. Pattison. Price, 40 cents. Lee & Walker, 1113 Chestnut St., Philad.

——Mr. Shultz, manager on John Hoffer's farm, has proven himself a very successful tobacco grower. His crop last year was a fine one, as we mentioned in the REPORTER at the time, but this year his crop promises far better. He has 10 acres out which will compare with if not go ahead of, any of the best patches on the river bottoms between Lock Haven and Lancaster. Mr. Shultz on Monday brought two sample leaves to this office—the one a top leaf of the Glessner variety measuring 22 inches in width and 38 inches in length; the other a top leaf of the Detwiler variety measuring 19x30½ inches. These samples are not the largest he has, and are a fair specimen of the crop on his 10 acres. Who can show up better tobacco than Mr. Shultz?

——The fall campaign is open at the Philadelphia Branch, by a new stock of ready-made clothing for all ages. Lewins stands ahead of all others in this respect and keeps ahead of all for grand bargains and best goods—no shoddy, no cheat, and satisfaction guaranteed.

——Court opened on Monday. There is not much commonwealth business. The Supervisors of Penn twp. have been prosecuted by a firm engaged in getting out prop timber, on account of their bad roads in the neighborhood of Zerbys. The cause of the roads being bad may mainly be due to the heavy loads of prop timber constantly going over the same. There are many witnesses in the case.

On Monday Mr. Gates, of Ferguson, was fined $200 and costs for selling liquor without license.

There were mostly petty commonwealth cases in court Tuesday.

——The people of Pennsvalley certainly have no occasion to go away from home for any thing in the monument or tombstone line. The Millheim Marble Works turns out the best styles, uses the finest stock, and their prices are as reasonable as elsewhere. Encourage home trade. 2t

——We are under obligations to Mr. Simon Ruble, of Stone Mill, for a very acceptable present received from him on Tuesday.

——Fine specimens of coal have been taken out along Penn's creek, Snyder Co. The vein, seven feet thick, is now being developed.

— If you get any article of spices, sugar, coffee, tea, or other goods at Sechlers, you can always rely on having a pure and unadulterated article. This important fact, in these days of fraud, all housekeepers should bear in mind.

——A number of horses have lately died for parties in Haines twp. Jas. S. Weaver, J. K. Snyder, Adam Jordan each losing one and Wm. Syler two.

——Notwithstading the unfortunate weather, the Reformed S. S. cleared $38.85 by their festival on Saturday last.

—Cholera prevails among the hogs at Milesburg and some 40 have died within a week.

THE MEETING ON TUESDAY EVENING.

The democratic meeting in the court-house on Tuesday evening was a grand out-pouring of the democracy, the room was crowded to the utmost proving that a united and harmonious democracy will confront the bosses in November. Time will not permit us to give more than a brief mention of it. Maj. Forster, chairman of the standing committee, called the meeting to order, when the following officers were chosen:

Pres.—John A. Woodward. Vice Pres.—D Z Kline, Bellefonte, N. W.; John Hoffer, Bellefonte, S. W.; Jonth. Harper, W. W.; Bolser Weber, Howard; E H Carr, Milesburg; R B Hartman, Millheim; C G Herlinger, Philpsburg; T A Leathers, Unionville; Uriah Stover, Benner; H S Barnhart, Boggs; Wm. Hipple, Barnside; Frank Taylor, College; Nathan McCloskey, Curtin; John F Krebs, Ferguson; J B Fisher, Gregg; M S Feidler, Haines; John A Hunter, Harris; Henry Dopp, Howard; John Gingery, Huston; Isaac Frain, Marion; Jacob Brumgart, Miles; Geo. W Stover, Penn, John K Runkle, Potter; A C Hinton, Snow Shoe; J G Larimer, Spring; Sam'l Hoover, Taylor; Christ. Hoover, Union; Sol. Peck, Walker. Secretaries.—Fred Kurtz, Joe W. Furey, J R Van Ormer.

Mr. Woodward on taking the chair delivered a neat little speech, and counseled the party to union and harmony, and was warmly applauded.

A committee of five, D. F. Fortney, F. M'Clain, J. Reifsnyder, and two others whose names we missed, were appointed on resolutions.

Gov. Curtin was then loudly called for and appeared amid great applause. He spoke most eloquently and forcibly of the doings of congress, its waste of public lands among railroad monopolies, its extravagance in the public expenditures, and corruption; the governor spoke from the record in a manner which will make any republican, if honest, cry for a halt and reform. Rounds of applause were showered in upon his speech.

After Gov. Curtin, Chairman Hensel, of the State Committee, was introduced and addressed the meeting upon state politics. Admitting Beaver's good private character, he proceeded to uncover the bad political company he has given himself over to, how he misrepresented the people at Chicago to please the bosses, and how he dodged the issues raised in his own platform, being afraid to talk of the abuses of the bosses for fear of his master. Mr. Hensel's arraignment of the bosses and their corrupt rule was an able one leaving a good impression. His speech was frequently applauded.

Mr. Fortney then reported the resolutions which favor civil service reform, denounce assessment for political purposes, and demand economy in the public expenditures.

Mr. J. Simpson Africa, candidate for Sec'y of Int. Affairs, was then introduced, and it being late, only made a few remarks when the meeting adjourned. The Pleasant Gap band discoursed fine music for the occasion.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS!

There will be a muster of a Grand Army Post in this place—Centre Hall—on Monday evening, Sept. 4, at 7 o'clock P. M. All soldiers who have been honorably discharged are respectfully invited to attend and if possible bring along their discharge papers. We are desirous of having as many charter members as possible. Hence we earnestly hope all soldiers will be present. Committe.

A HUNDRED POISONERS.

London, Aug. 24.—A telegram from Vienna states that over one hundred women are on trial at Gross Beckskerck, Hungary, charged with poisoning their husbands. The guilt of thirty-five of the women has been proven.

There were 564 births, 187 marriages and 76 deaths in New York city last week.

"I wont sell my vote, nobow," said old Slocuss to the man who had come to "see" him.

"Why not?"

"Fur three reasons: Fust, I kin arn half a dollah digging taters in the time it would take me to go and vote. Second, it would cos' me $1 fer ce team to go to the pollin' place. Third, ye on'y offer me $2, and t'other side has already gin me 33 ter stay away and not vote at all, which brings up the finanshal reasons on that side ter $4.50."

Coup's circus, after making a brave stand against adverse circumstances, has finally gone to pieces at Detroit. Attachments amounting to $25,000, representing employes and others, have been put on it, and the whole concern is in the hands of the Sheriff.

T. DESHNER, Gunsmith,

43 High St., Bellefonte, Pa

Has now on hand: Winchester rifles, B. L. Double guns, Shot, and Rifle and Shot, Single Breech loading guns from $5 to $14. Revolvers from 1 to 11 dollars. Muzzle loading guns very cheap. I sell no breech loading "seconds."

Guns made and repaired.

Shot-gun cartridges loaded to order.

Ammunition wholesale and retail.

Sportsmen are respectfully invited to examine my stock. 25aug3m

ENCOURAGING.

Having been encouraged by the steady increase of business, I have remodeled, repainted and added to the external as well as to the internal appearance of my DRUG HOUSE, thereby making it more attractive to my customers. I would now thank my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, and solicit a continuance of the same. My stock is as near full as possible. I am in complete communication with the principal Drug Houses of New York and Philadelphia and am supplied with cuts and price lists, and anything in my line not kept in stock, will be sent for at once and delivered at the same prices that it could be bought at if you went or sent yourself. I buy my drugs for cash, pay no discounts, which enables me to sell just as cheap as any other drug store in the county. All business between dealer and customers strictly confidential. J. D. MURRAY,
jun22tf Centre Hall.

THE REBERSBURG RE-UNION.

The re-union of Co. A. in the woods south of Rebersburg, on Friday, 25, was an affair long to be remembered by the good people of Miles township. Company A of 148 reg., was made up almost entirely of soldiers of Miles twp., and nearly all connected by ties of consanguinity and matrimony—brothers, cousins, or some kind of family connection each with the other.

At 10 a. m. a line was formed in Rebersburg, headed by the Millheim and Rebersburg bands, under the command of Lieut. S. Spangler. Following the music and large battle flag were the surviving soldiers of Company A with guns, knapsacks, and canteens, just as the brave boys wore them in the service, where this company won imperishable laurels and proved the valor of its members in numerous battles. Its list of killed and wounded shows that it faced the enemy where the leaden hail fell thickest and the battle raged hottest. When the boys—what was left of them—were mustered out, they left on record, and will for all time carry with them, besides their reputation for cool bravery, the high credit of always being well-behaved, obedient and manly throughout their entire career in the tented service of their country. Following the boys were loaded pack mules in army style.

The line having formed as aforesaid, the march proceeded to the cool shades at the foot of the mountain south of Rebersburg. The line of citizens following in vehicles was just one mile in length, besides which the long board walk from Rebersburg to "Smoketown," at the picnic ground, was filled with men, women and children on foot. The parade under the command of Lieut. Spangler passed off successfully, and without any break or interruption. Arrived at the ground, the crowd, numbering about 3000, mostly assembled around the main stand where seats were provided. The woods were filled with horses, wagons and carriages, and of ice-cream, lemonade and water melon stands there was no lack.

Order was called from the main-stand and a fervent prayer offered by Rev. Landis, after which Maj. R. H. Forster was introduced who delivered a detailed history of company A, its good times, its days of trials for the soul when courage was tested and found not wanting, interesting reminicences, its killed, its wounded, and its survivors. The Major was captain of Co. A and subsequently Major of the 148th, and had ample opportunity for gathering the interesting facts so graphically recited by him upon this festive occasion, the re-counting of which was listened to with intense interest by the large audience.

At this stage Gen. Beaver, Colonel of the 148, arrived and was introduced as the next speaker. The General was greeted with rounds of applause as he mounted the stand and spoke about half an hour, bringing back to the boys recollections of camp incidents, and testifying to the superior discipline, courage and bravery of Co. A. The General thought no company in the entire war had a brighter record than Co. A in every respect. The high tribute which the General paid the boys was pleasant for the ears of fathers, mothers, sisters, whose sons and brothers had been in the service during that terrible civil war. The General's remarks were frequently applauded, and after dinner he was obliged to return to make the train for Harrisburg.

Gov. Curtin—known all over the country as the "great war governor," the "soldiers' friend,"—was next introduced and was greeted with wild applause by "boys" and audience. All our people know Gov. Curtin so well that it is needless to say that his remarks were a flow of his accustomed eloquence which holds an audience spell-bound. The Governor spoke of the war, the noble part taken in it by the loyal sons of our county, and the unparalleled outpouring of the sons of our state to defend the country; he spoke of our great country and its institutions, and when through one murmer of approval ran from lip to lip that Curtin after all knows how to talk, and the audience would have been willing to sit for another hour without dinner if the ex-governor would only have been willing to continue his address. His remarks were frequently interrupted by rounds of applause.

Dinner was the next in order, and the fair wives and daughters of the valley soon had the green and shaded spots of the forest dotted with their cloths on which were piled the fat of the land. It was a great, grand free-lunch for all, and only a type of the openhearted hospitality of the good people of Brushvalley. Ourself feasted at the table of Prof. Meyer, and our assistant stowed away good things provided by the Harper family. There was enough and to spare, and nobody left hungry.

At 2 p. m. order was called at the main stand, when some interesting incidents were told by Serg. Thomas Moyer, which, however, were interrupted by a rattling of musketry west of the ground, an evidence that the rebs were near, and at once Lieut. Spangler marched his men on double quick to the scene and a regular skirmish in the field and along the edge of the woods was the unexpected treat for the crowd which soon streamed in the direction of the firing and witnessed a real skirmish such as the boys used to have in Dixie, only that here nobody was hurt, but the rattling of musketry, the pursuit were all the same. The skirmish over all returned to the main stand, when Col. Coburn was called upon and delivered some patriotic remarks in a brief address, extoling the valor of our boys for their patriotism and devotion to our country. The Colonel closed amid three cheers from the boys.

The crowd was now dismissed. There was not an incident to mar the pleasures of the occasion, best order prevailed, the program was well carried out, and the bands at intervals added to the festivity by charming music, and we left glad that we were there.

In the evening there was a display of fireworks at Rebersburg.

THE BEAR MEADOWS.

We ventured into the Bear meadows last Thursday, with our family and that of neighbor Geiss, for "recreation" and the gay and festive huckleberry. Having heard so much of the meadows, we embraced the opportunity, both for pleasure and profit. The distance from here is between 10 and 12 miles, of which about five miles are through mountains, entering at Galbraith's gap. The mountain road is good with the exception of three or four short pieces that are rocky, and one exceedingly steep place. Reaching the meadows after a tramp of three-quarters mile from where our teams were left, through swamps in the woods, we found it to consist of a large flat divided off field-like, by trees and high shrubbery growing across at distances of from ¼ to ½ mile. These patches, some half dozen meadows, are open, and covered with wild grass four feet high, similar to the wild prairie grass of the west. In these open spaces there is nothing but this grass, which has sharp edges that will cut the hands if carelessly dragged through it. Bordering these open places and the woods, there is a thick growth of bushes, thick as the hair on a dog's back, and about four feet high, all huckleberry bushes, thin, slender and soft, and in mound-like clusters. On these scarce any berries are found, as the stalks stand too thick to leave any chance for berries. In this brush there is a higher growth of huckleberry bushes, that grow from 5 to 15 feet, on which we found the berries, and from these they can be gathered without going into the tiresome stooping position as is the case when picking the low mountain huckleberry. We found the flat we were on pretty well tramped over by berry seekers who had been there before us, and there may have been a hundred of them inside the eight previous days, yet we found berries sufficiently plenty that our party could gather over two bushels from 11 a. m. to 2 p. m., and hence we imagine those who were there several days before, found a still richer harvest.

A sluggish stream, the headwaters of Sinking creek, meanders lazily through the meadows. The bed of this stream and its shores are too marshy to venture across except upon a log, as one would sink waist deep into the quicksand. The whole of the meadows and [illegible] that surround them, seem to be a covering of decayed vegetable matter the product of centuries, which forms a shell over a basin of water, upon which trees and shrubs have found a root hold.

There are many fine ornamental shade trees in the meadows, also some rare plants whose fine flowers would call forth admiration from the lady readers of the REPORTER whose refined tastes make them admirers of flowers. There are also many cranberry bushes with fruit.

We were often told that one of the dangers of this wild locality were the numerous snakes, especially the rattler; but we met none of the reptiles—perhaps they knew of our coming, and roosted high.

In some future visit to the meadows, when our attention will not be devoted so much to the gay and festive huckleberry, we will give a more particular description of the flora and fauna, and fishs and snake of the meadows.

Just about this time, when folks are after the gay and festive huckleberry, there may be a little life in the Bear meadows, but it would not be advisable for any one to settle down there, set up a barber shop, a cobbler's bench or even a grocery, unless wanting to live extremely retired, and with a desire to have on book accounts to enter up.

Specials from New England give some very unfavorable reports of crops, coveringnearly all of that section and all kinds of crops. Lack of rain is the chief cause. Crop reports from the west are uniformly favorable. Fine rains the past two days have helped the corn wonderfully.

MARRIED.

On August 5, at Bellville, Mifflin co., by Rev. Campbell, Mr. R. W. Bauchman and Miss Katie Barger, both of Centre Hall.

DIED.

On the 24, at Centre Hall, Mrs. Isabel Bitner, wife of Joseph Bitner, deceased, aged, 63 years, 5 months, 7 days.

In Ferguson twp., on 18, Samuel Tyson, aged 73 years, 5 months and 20 days.

At his residence in Miles twp., on 16th August, Mr. Adam Stover, aged 72 years. Father Stover, whose body we buried to its final rest on Friday, 18, was widely known as a good, honest, conscientious citizen. He was a kind father and husband; a useful member in the church, and a neighbor who always sought the good of his community. But his work is done here on earth. Peace be to his ashes. He was born August 16, 1810, and died Aug. 16, 1882—singular indeed. L.

Spring Mills Market.

Wheat, $1.00, No. 2, .90: No. 3 .75
Rye 80c
Corn, shelled, per bu. 80 c.
Corn, shelled. 90c.
Oats, 50c.
Buckwheat, 50c.
Barley 50c. to 75c
Cloverseed,. 4 00 to 4.5 0
Timothy seed, 2.00 to 2.25
Plaster, ground per ton, $9.00
Flour, per bbl $5.00
Butter 20c
Tallow, 6c.
Lard, 12½.
Ham, 15c.
Shoulders 14c
Bacon or side, 14c
Eggs per doz. 20c
Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

READ, MARK AND LEARN—That a fine enclosed Picnic Ground with every convenience such as Swings, Croquet ground, Quoits, Pavilion, and a fine spring of pure water, plenty of shade. Music and lunch got up at moderate rates. Carriages and tickets to the cave. Societies, Clubs, Lodges, and all respectable parties for further information address

GEO. B. NASH,
13jul3m Spring Mills House.
Spring Mills, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Sarah Lee, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

J. T. Lee,
31aug6t H. D. Lee,
Admr's.

EXECUTORS SALE.—There will be exposed to Public Sale on the premises, two miles north of Spring Mills Station, on the Lewisburg and Tyrone R R, on

Saturday, September 9, 1882.

The following valuable Real Estate of Adam Fisher, Dec'd, known as the Farmers Mills property, consisting of a MERCHANT AND CUSTOM FLOURING MILL, in complete running order with the capacity to 4 run of Burrs, having Turbine Water Wheels located on Penn's Creek, a never failing stream, also, thereon a GOOD SAW MILL on the same stream, LARGE DWELLING House with a complete STORE ROOM. An excellent well near the house, of never failing water, GOOD BANK BARN and other out-buildings Also, about 40 acres of land part of which is wood timbered with white pine, oak, hemlock, bounded by the lands of Jno. P. Ross' heirs. Jno. Bartges heirs, Robert J. Smith, Geo. Krape and others. Orchard with choice fruit, two tenant houses, garden and Stables,

Sale to commence at one o'clock P. M. of said day when terms will be made known by,

J. B. FISHER,
POLLY FISHER, Executors. Aug10

THAT WONDERFUL BOOK.
GUIDE TO SUCCESS.
WITH FORMS FOR BUSINESS AND SOCIETY

Is selling by tens of thousands. It is the most universally useful book ever published. It tells completely HOW TO DO EVERYTHING in the best way. How to Write Your Own Lawyer, How to Do Business Correctly and Successfully, How to act in Society and everywhere. A gold mine of varied information to all classes for constant reference. WANTED.—AGENTS for all or spare time. To know why this book of REAL value and attractions sells better than any other, apply for terms to H. B. SUAMMELL & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. 10aug6m

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PIMPLES.

I will mail (Free) the receipt for a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful. Also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 3c. stamp, Ben. Vandell & Co.,

12 Barclay st., New York.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, feels anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge,) with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.

Parties wishing the Prescription will please address Rev. E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburg N. Y.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous DEBILITY, PREMATURE DECAY, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferer willing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence,

JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar St. N. Y.

THE CREAM OF ALL BOOKS OF ADVENTURE.
PIONEER AND DARING
HEROES DEEDS

The thrilling adventures of all the hero explorers and frontier fights with Indians, outlaws and wild beasts, over our whole country, from the earliest times to the present. Lives and famous exploits of DeSoto, LaSalle, Standish, Boone, Kenton, Brady, Crokett Bowie, Houston, Carson, Custer, California Joe, Wilde Bill, Buffalo Bill, Gens. Miles and Cook, great Indian Chiefs and scores of others. Gorgeously Illustrated with 175 fine engravings to the life. AGENTS WANTED. Low priced and beats anything to sell. STANDARD BOOK CO. Philadelphia, Pa. 10aug6m

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 25th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield, and the Hon. J. K. Runkle and the Hon. J. G. Larimer, Assoc. Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 1 st day of Aug., 1882, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Fourth Monday of Mar., next, being the 26th day of Aug., 1882, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrance, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of Aug., in the year of our Lord 1882, and the one hundred and sixth year of the Independence of the United States. J. J. MUSSER, Sheriff.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

will cure dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, kidney disease, liver complaint, and other wasting diseases.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

enriches the blood and purifies the system; cures weakness, lack of energy, etc. Try a bottle.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

is the only Iron preparation that does not color the teeth, and will not cause headache or constipation, as other Iron preparations will.

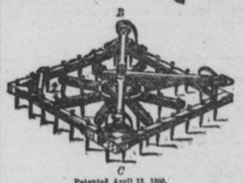
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Ladies and all sufferers from neuralgia, hysteria, and kindred complaints, will find it without an equal.

THE PENN HARROW

BEST IN THE WORLD

IT HAS NO EQUAL



Patented April 13, 1880.

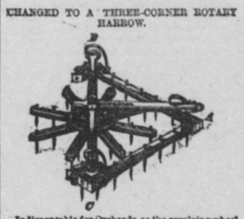
The above cut represents the Penn Harrow complete, with all its combinations of Five Harrows and a sled for each Harrow; and each succeeding change is made from this Harrow without the least additional expense. By hooking the team together point B or C, the center revolves and gives the ground Two Strokes and Two Crossings in passing over it once, making it the most effective pulverizer in the market. It

THIS HARROW HAS ONLY TO BE USED TO BE APPRECIATED.

See it before purchasing and you will buy no other.

The Penn Harrow

CHANGED TO A THREE-CORNER ROTARY HARROW.



Indispensable for Orchards, as the revolving wheel harrows right up to and all around the trees without backing them.

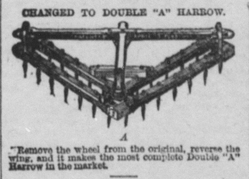
The Penn Harrow

CHANGED TO SINGLE "A" HARROW.

By removing the wing and wheel from the original you have a complete one-horse "A" Harrow.

The Penn Harrow

CHANGED TO DOUBLE "A" HARROW.

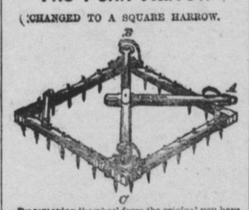


A

"Remove the wheel from the original, reverse the wing, and it makes the most complete Double "A" Harrow in the market.

The Penn Harrow

CHANGED TO A SQUARE HARROW.



C

By removing the wheel from the original you have a Harrow with three points to hook to. By hooking to B or C you can harrow in a furrow, and harrow the bottom and both sides, or over a ridge and harrow the top and both sides, or you can lift either point and have three points on the ground—something that cannot be done with any other Harrow.

The Penn Harrow

ON ITS SLED.

It has always been a great inconvenience to get the Harrow to and from the field. The Penn Harrow obviates this, as no matter which harrow you wish to use in the combination, it has its own sled to haul it on.

The Penn Harrow

Is made of the best white oak, with steel teeth, well painted, in every way first-class. Formerly a harrow was the most unhandy implement on the farm; with our improvement it is the most convenient, will do double the work of any other harrow and save the farmer half his labor, and is warranted to do all we represent or money refunded. ORDER AT ONCE AND BE CONVINCED.

Price of the light draft Combination Penn Harrow, $30. Send for a Catalogue and see what farmers say.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY.

PENN HARROW MANUFACTURING CO.
CAMDEN, N. J.

— DINGES'! —

PLAIN TALK!

TO EVERY BODY.

—||o||—

READ THIS!!

I will keep up a FULL LINE OF GOODS, right along.

DO NOT FORGET THIS!

I especially call attention to MY STOCK of GROCERIES as being the Equal if not Superior to any in the Valley.

☞I Guarantee Bargains—I mean that I will sell low, and only ask that people come and satisfy themselves of this from the prices asked.

WILL GIVE AWAY $1000! this year to cash customers, by a System of Checks. Each customer taking a $20 check sums purchased will be punched and when amount is full $1 will be thrown off the $20, besides having your goods lower than sold elsewhere

New Departure.

Believing it to be the best for both merchant and customer that all dealings should be in cash, and following the example of most prominent and successful dealers, I have determined to do away with the credit system after the 17 of July, 1882. After this date the books will be closed and I will sell only

-FOR-CASH-

or its equivalent.

Thankful to my customers for their past patronage, I hope to meet them in the future at my old stand, where I am confident I can sell much CHEAPER THAN BEFORE, and LOWER than elsewhere. Have determined to give my customers the benefit of the new system.

PRODUCE will be taken in exchange for goods at highest market price. Respectfully,

I. J. Grenoble,
13jul y Spring Mills, Pa,

Burchfield's New Grocery.

NEW CENTRE COUNTY BANK BUILDING.

GROCERIES! GROCERIES!

THE New Store in the Centre County Bank Building, High st., Bellefonte Penn'a,

IS NOW OPEN

—AND—

STOCK FULL.

The goods on sale are the best the market affords, and sold at prices to suit all customers.

GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONERY,
GLASS WARE,
CANNED FRUITS,

AND EVERY THING USUALLY KEPT IN A FIRST CLASS STORE.

Remember the Store is a new one opened on

Monday, May 1,

AND ALL GOODS CONSEQUENTLY NEW AND FRESH.

The patronage of all desiring fair treatment is solicited.

☞For quotations call and you will be convinced that a revolution has been effected in prices of all goods offered for sale.

jun29 W. E. BURCHFIELD.

DR. G. W. HOSTERMAN, Dentist, Centre Hall, Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession, Ether administered. 14apr

WM. A. SANDO

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Shop oncorner of Church and Main st. Is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, on short notice, and good fits guaranteed, according to the latest styles. A large lot of samples always on hand. Workmen of long experienced in his employ. 1nov y

J. W. CORNELIUS,
Photographer, 316 Market Street, LEWISBURG, Pa.

The best work at moderate prices. All work pertaining to photography finely executed. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention, but must be accompanied with the cash. jul13

New Brockerhoff House.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.
G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r.

Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.

☞Free Buss to and from all trains.☜
Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 3junlf

BUTT'S HOUSE,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
FRANK X. LEHAM, Proprietor.

Best brands of Liquors and Cigars on hand. Good accommodations for Travelers and Commercial Men. Also Boarding. Terms reasonable. 29junlf

PENNSVALLEY BANKING CO.
CENTRE HALL, PA.

RECEIVE DEPOSITS and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons.

WM. WOLF, Pres't. WM. B. MINGLE, Cashier

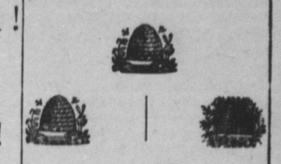
SWARTHMORE COLLEGE,
RE-OPENING IN RESTORED BUILDING.

Both Sexes admitted. College and Preparatory Schools. Under care of Members of the Society of Friends. The main building destroyed by fire the ninth month, last, has been completely rebuilt, enlarged, and fitted up with all conveniences. Thorough instructions in Languages, Literature, Mathematics, and the Sciences. New Scientific Building containing Laboratories, Draft Rooms, Machine Shops, and appliances for pursuing a thorough course in Chemistry, Mechanical and Civil Engineering. The next term opens 9th month (Sept.) 14th. Apply early, as, other things being equal, places will be given the earliest applicants.

For full particulars, address EDWARD H. MAGILL, Pres't., Swarthmore College, Delaware Co., Penna. 1julm

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE REPORTER OFFICE

GOLDSMITH BROTHERS.



THE GREAT

BBB EEE EEE H H I V V EEE
B B E E H H I V V E
BBB EE EE HHH I V V EE
B B E E H H I VV E
BBB EEE EEE H H I V EEE

C|A|R|P|E|T|S.

Greatest Bargains

—EVER—

Offered in Carpets

Having bought the Entire Stock of CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS. MATTINGS, &c.. formerly owned by

I. Guggenheimer,

—At a—

Great Sacrifice.

We will offer the same at 30 to 40 per cent below regular prices, until disposed of.

Goldsmith Bro.,

BEE HIVE

One Price Stores.

CARPETS

C-A-R-P-E-T-S

C|A|R|P|E|T|S.

And Brockerhof's

NEW STORE!

—AT—

CENTRE HALL.

Grand Opening

—OF—

NEW STOCK,

JOHN MULLEN,

Manager,
—AT THE—
-Hotel Stand.-

DRY GOODS,
LADYS DRESS GOODS,
CLOTHS, CASSIMERS
NOTIONS, FANCY GOODS,

Ready Made

CLOTHING

—FOR—

Men and Boys.

GROCERIES,

Coffee, Sugar, Tea, Syrups, Queensware, Glassware,

BARGAINS!

Farmers will be allowed the highest price for all kinds produce.

The best bargains in Store Goods in the county.

Go to the New Store before purchasing elsewhere.

CENTRE HALL

Carriage Shops.

J. O. DEININGER, Proprietor. J. W. HENNY, Superintendent

Manufacture and constantly keep on hand CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SPRING WAGONS, SLEIGHS, and all kind of vehicles.

All work made of the best material, and put together by mechanics of long experience. Hence all work from these shops is guaranteed.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Prices low and all work turned out first-class.

COME AND SEE OUR WORK
jan27

☞WM. WOLF & SON.☜

At the Old Stand.

It will be

—GOOD NEWS—

for all, to know that the MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF GOODS in the valley,

A-N-D—T-H-E—B-E-S-T

has arrived, and is now opened, at

—*WOLF'S*—

Old Reliable Stand.

The finest and best gentlemen's Dress Goods, in the county.

The finest, best and latest styles ladies' Dress Goods.

Hats, Boots, Shoes, &c., &c.

Queensware, Glassware, Groceries, none but what are pure. He has the only pure, old-fashioned NEW ORLEANS sugar in the county, an article rarely found in these days.

A complete assortment in each department.

Come and see one of the best stocks in the county.

HARDWARE,

Jas. Harris & Co.

ARE SELLING VERY LOW

REAPER SECTIONS and REAPERS,

And all kinds of Farming Tools, RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES, SPROUTS HAY FORKS, ROPE BLOCKS, ETC.,

As well as all kinds of HARDWARE, to meet all demands in this line,

JAS. HARRIS & CO.,
Bellefonte.

For Autumn Wear.

Our Bargain sections offer many lots of Clothing for men and boys, well adapted for Fall wear, at an average of forty per cent off from the low prices established at our June Upset Sale.

You may save the cost of a journey to the city, and perhaps much more, on a single suit of clothing.

Wanamaker & Brown.

Oak Hall, Sixth and Market Sts., Philadelphia.

DR. J. W. RHONE, Dentist, can be found his office and residence on North side High Street, three doors East of Allegheny, Bellefonte, Pa. 27feb

LEWISTOWN

Marble & Granite

WORKS.

D. R. STRATFORD,
Proprietor, Lewistown, Pa.

The undersigned respectfully informs the public of Pennsvalley that he is

In the Wheat Field.

When the lids of the virgin Dawn unclose,
When the earth is fair and the heavens are calm,
And the early breath of the wakening rose
Floats on the air in balm,
I stand breast-high in the pearly wheat
That ripples and thrills to a sportive breeze,
Bo ne over the field with its Hermes feet,
And its subtle odor of southern seas;
While out of the infinite azure deep
The flashing wings of the swallow sweep,
Buoyant and beautiful, wild and fleet,
Over the waves of the whispering wheat.

Aurora faints in the fulgent fire
Of the Monarch of Morning's bright embrace,
And the summer day climbs higher and higher
Upon the cerulean space;
The pearl-tints fade from the radiant grain,
And the sportive breeze of the ocean dies,
And soon in the noontide's soundless rain
The field seems graced with a million eyes;
Each grain with a glance from its lidded fold,
As bright as a gnome's in his mine of gold,
While the slumbrous glamour of beam and heat
Glides over and under the windless wheat.

Yet the languid spirit of lazy Noon,
With its minor and Morphean music rife,
Is pulsing in low, voluptuous tune
With summer's lust of life.
Hark! to the droning of drowsy wings,
To the honey-bees as they go and come,
To the "boomer"* scarce rounding his sultry rings,
The gnat's small horn and the beetle's hum;
And hark to the locust—noon's one shrill song—
Like the tingling steel of an elfin gong
Grows lower through quavers of long retreat
To swoon on the dazzled and distant wheat.

Now Day declines! and his shafts of might
Are sheathed in a quiver of opal haze;
Still thro' the chastened, but magic light,
What sunset grandeurs blaze!
For the sky, in its mellow luster, seems
Like the realm of a master poet's mind—
A shifting kingdom of splendid dreams—
With fuller and fairer truths behind;
And the changeful colors that blend or part,
Ebb like the tides of a living heart,
As the splendor melts and the shadows meet
And the tresses of Twilight trail over the wheat.

Thus Eve creeps slowly and shyly down,
And the gurgling notes of the swallows cease,
They flicker aloft through the foliage brown,
In the ancient vesper peace;
But a step like the step of a conscious fawn
Is stealing—with many pauses—this way,
'Till the hand of my Love thro' mine is drawn,
Her heart on mine, in the tender ray:
Oh, hand of the lily, Oh, heart of truth,
Oh, Love, thou art faithful and fond as Ruth!
But I am the gleaner—of kisses—Sweet,
While the starlight dawns on the dimpling wheat!

*The bumble, or as commonly called "bumble-bee."
—*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

CHIPS."

Chips was hungry. Well, there was nothing remarkable in this, at least to Chips, as he was often hungry. His bill of fare for the day ran thus: For breakfast, one bone, with crusts; dinner, nothing; supper, ditto; dessert, moralizing reflections. You see, the remarkable fact would have chanced had he not been hungry.

Again Chips was thus carnivorously disposed he became exalted in rank, the height of his position depending upon the keenness of his appetite. If he was moderately hungry, he was a lord; if hungrier, he became a duke; at the very hungriest—a prince.

At this epoch he was a prince. Chips often held imaginary conversations with invisible individuals, wherein he was expected to be answering such questions as "Will your lordship deign to partake of this salad?" or, "Will your royal highness condescend to accept this mutton?" with the general answer, spoken in all complaisance, "No, thank you, my good fellow, I have sufficiently dined."

Chips palace overlooked the sea—being at the foot of Liberty street. It was large—for Chips; moreover, it was well ventilated. "Well," soliloquized Chips, "folks needs fresh air in winter as well as summer, an' when they wants things to keep they allus put 'em in the cold." And again: "A feller might growl, but Old Jack wouldn't let up on his toes all the same." In addition to being a prince Chips was also a philosopher. Every morning his royal highness emerged from his palace with his implements of trade—his box and brushes. "A prince blacking boots!" you exclaim, in wonder. Well, why not? When it pleases our noble lords of the present day to metamorphose themselves into stage-drivers cannot a prince, with equal right, be a bootblack? Every evening he returned to his palace and bed of straw. "Straw!" you cry. Well, why not again? A few centuries ago royal personages received visitors of state sitting upon rushes. It was merely a revival of ancient customs. Chips was not "to the manor born," that is, he had not always rejoiced in a title. He could remember a time once when he had slept under a roof and washed his face.

Far off? Oh, very far off; down among the shadows of that strange distant past he could dimly trace a ray of light. It was the thought of a gentle face that had once bent over him—eyes with their light of love shining into his; lips with a tender curving, whispering low, "My son."

He fancied that he remembered, sometimes, how a strange white pain had settled upon the face, how the brightness in the eyes had been but the gleam of tears, and the smile upon the lips became sadder than any sigh. He was not quite sure of this, however. It might have been but a fancy of his, but there was one thing that he remembered well: A picture of a darkened room, and a face resting upon pillows whose whiteness was not purer, and a voice crying out, faint yet strong in its intensity of emotion:

"My boy, promise me—me, your mother, dying—that you will never, never take what is not yours!" And seeing dimly the clouds that rested above him, and awed by the shadowy wings that hovered near, he had promised.

The vow stood out amid the bewildering chaos like a star that shines among the somber clouds of a midnight sky, and he had kept it ever.

Now to-day it was not alone the bill of fare that troubled Chips, although that was not such as an Astor, much less a prince, would have relished. But, alas, some one, unknown, had stolen his box and brushes. Yet his philosophy deserted him not.

"When a feller's got property," he soliloquized, "he must expect ter be burglarized when he don't lock up his safe."

He walked up Broadway—he did not care to go home to the palace—and stopped before a restaurant.

Oh, but there was such a tempting display—such flakey pies and great doughnuts, and—and in the center—how brown, how nice—a crisp, fat turkey. Chips, looking, was almost inclined to believe himself hungry. As it was, he amused himself watching the waiters inside, fancying the great bustle and preparation was all for him. One spruce servant stopped another. What was it he was saying?

"His imperial highness dines here to-night, Sam. Bring in the turkey in the window."

"Darn his imperdence!" muttered the boy. "He thinks I can swallow a whole gobbler. Blamed ef I'll step inside his old grubshop a'ter that!" He turned and pursued his way with a highly dignified, much-injured, air. If imagination alone could create a poet—as some modern scribblers seem to believe—Chips would have rivaled Shakespeare himself.

Apart from the crowd, however, standing in the shadow of old Trinity, the fair vision of the tempting fowl coming again before him, he murmured: "My eyes! but that gobbler wor a buster!" He sat down upon the steps and rested his face in his grimy hands. What is it you say?—he looks little like a prince in that ragged old coat and battered-in hat? Oh, but you know he is in disguise.

"I wish now," he soliloquized, after a space given for silent reflection, "when they passed round the hat fur them meetin' house chaps to chip in fur the Chinee Injuns, that a few coppers hed a rolled right down here."

Chips had been to church once. He had "seen and heard." Now, after a few moments' meditation upon his fallen fortunes:

"If that feller hadn't nabbed my traps," he muttered. "Darn him!" in a sudden heat of passion. A man was passing then, sleek-looking, corpulent, with immaculate dress and spotless tie.

"My boy," he said, in reproving accents, "you cannot realize the enormity of your offense when you utter such expressions as the one which just now sullied your lips." Chips glared at this reprover a moment. He was blazing with anger against the unknown thief; but that person not being at hand he transferred his rage to this individual so conveniently near. Moreover a man is never particularly angelic when particularly hungry; neither is a boy. "Go to blazes!" he growled, turning his back. Thereat was this philanthropic personage greatly shocked. He stood for an instant gazing at Chips like an accusing angel (instance of smile far-fetched), then turned and passed by—not on the "other side," the crossing being too muddy. He sighed several times on his way home—this kind-hearted gentleman—deploring the degeneracy of the rising generation; afterward, in the warm glow of his own hearth-stone, with the savory odors from a well cooked dinner filling the room, he forgot to sigh. Left alone Chips' heat cooled. "How unbecoming a prince to allow such trifles as the omission of a dinner—" here he drew himself up sharply. Had he not dined two hours previously at Delmonico's? He went over again the orders he had given. "Waltz in yer turkey, boss. Bring on that puddin', plenty o' plums!" Of what was he thinking, to be wishing for dinner? Well, but let us leave him now, here under the shadow of Old Trinity—than which there is no place more fitting, some people might say. I think if Chips had been consulted just then—a restaurant! But then, you know, he was seldom consulted. Oh, by the way, did you ever have the honor of Mr. Christopher Memyu's acquaintance? Indeed, it is an honor! Just come with me and I'll introduce you. No; upon second thought, I will not. Mr. Christopher Memyu is very busy just now, and would not wish to be disturbed. But stand here outside and you can take a peep at him within. Is he not a fine-looking man? Mr. Christopher Memyu is just eight-and-thirty, reputed to be wealthy, and—such a pity! match-making mammas declare—married. Such a dear woman; such a pretty, tender-hearted little woman. Such kindly beaming eyes as she has, such a helpful smile, glad and sunny for all! Mr. Christopher Memyu does not agree at all with match-making mammas. There was a little boy once, too—a dimpling, crowing, gleeful young tyrant, whose hair exactly matched the little strip of sunshine that every morning comes in at his office-window. But alas! Greenwood holds many a sunbeam like that which lighted Christopher Memyu's home, and it holds his. There is no needless repining, though. Perhaps the wifely eyes will always grow dim at sight of that shining curl that lies between the leaves of her little Bible—right there at the place where the mighty heart of Israel's king breaks forth in its anguish, "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son!" And, perhaps, a little quivering pain will always reach the father's heart when he hears a voice like unto "the one that is still" cry out "Papa!"

But their eyes are not shut to the sunshine of life, and none of its work is left undone—ay, it is better done. It is he "who never felt a wound" who jests at scars, and it is not the old veteran, furrowed by the bullets' falling hail, who sleeps at his post.

What did you say? Christopher Memyu has put aside his papers now and is coming out. Yes, he has turned; you can see his face better now, and—Why, why, what is the matter? He is as haggard and pinched in features as any man of sixty. Surely, Mr. Christopher Memyu must be in trouble. At all events, it is not for us to stand and watch. What! you will lose your train? So we will if we do not make haste. What can be the matter with Mr. Christopher Memyu's?

Chips does not sit long on the old stone steps. Somehow he seems growing reckless. He thinks he will go "home." Alas, the pitiful word! There—no. He will go back down Broadway, he thinks, and so he comes now down the street. Here is the restaurant at whose window he stood an hour ago. He does not stop there now, observe; he walks hastily by, with his head turned the other way in a very resolute manner indeed.

Chips has almost decided to become a king. He walks on and stops right in front of that same counting house. The light shines out with genial warmth; it attracts the boy and he softly climbs the steps. The snug office looks cheerful. The man with his back to him seems comfortable. "He's a swell un," mutters the prince to himself; "he's"—with a sudden thought of happy compromise—"et two dinners."

The man turns about. Chips see his face and recoils.

What sadder sight does the world hold than the despair of a human face. Moved by that instinctive pity which one wretched mortal has for another equally miserable, Chips presses nearer the stove, as if thereby he was closer the suffering.

Suddenly the man flings up his arms, "Ruined, ruined!" he cries, and sinks down, his head buried in his hands, resting upon the desk.

There is something sacred in misery. Chips felt it as he moved quietly away.

Within Mr. Christopher Memyu, banker, with millions slipping from his grasp; without, Chips, bootblack, shelterless, supperless. Of the human world to-night, these two—seemingly so far apart, measured by that great divining rod, capacity for pain—were not, perhaps, so far distant after all.

"Only a few weeks," muttered the man—"but a few more weeks and I could safely tide it over, but now—"

Something comes to him just here, something that causes him to start and recoil with a shiver of horror, but something that keeps coming and coming and coming.

In that drawer yonder lies $50,000. No one knows it is there but him, for he holds it in trust for one who is on his way across the Atlantic by this time. If—

The devil, they tell us, tempted Christ in the wilderness for thirty days, and in the end Divine Majesty rose triumphant. Alas for us for whom the tempting is oft but thirty seconds, yet whose voice rings not out in the cry, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" But Christopher Memyu has been the soul of honor. Never before has he had cause to blush for act of his. Shall he now?—no, no! He turns away. Then the devil takes a new departure. He knows his man's weakest point.

"What of your wife," he whispers—"she whom you have never permitted the winds of heaven to visit too roughly. How can she, cradled in luxury, bear privation and poverty? Think of the woman you love?"

Christopher Memyu stretches out his hand. The devil has won.

Chips walks slowly through the streets. Yes, his philosophy has quite deserted him. He struggles, but cannot regain it. A hard line creeps around the corners of his mouth, a strange light dawns in his eyes.

"Darn it!" cries the boy, standing still on the hard pavement, "I'm hungry." And in this cry and the banker's groan there is equal pathos and equal despair. Somebody passes him here—somebody walking hastily and with a desperate look upon his face, too. It is the man whose head was bent above his desk an hour ago—the man who fought that terrible battle of a moment's space, and who is rushing now to ruin. He jostles against Chips as he goes heedlessly on. A breath of wind blows open his coat; something falls, but either he is deaf or insensible now to sound; he goes blindly on. The boy stoops and picks up the packet. Is he dreaming? He rubs his eyes, pinches himself, stares. The amount is marked upon the wrapper. A wild joy leaps up in Chips' heart. The irresistible tide of hunger overwhelms him. Oh, what a dinner he will have! The old gobbler— He stops with a quick cry. He has no right to this money. Then wary old Satan comes to him. The boy stands in the windy night. Up above him the stars shine; below the gas-jets flare and flicker; within a tumult—a Waterloo.

Napoleon or Wellington, which is he? He trembles in his excitement. His eyes shine like the lamps in the street. He turns partly toward the other side—the side on which is the restaurant. He is so hungry.

There—hush! Through the night, just here, where the battle is fiercest, he hears his mother's dying cry, he remembers his promise. He looks up toward the stars—the stars that shine down upon him as if smiling a blessing. "You'll let Him know," he says, in a choked sort of voice. He starts on a run; how he flies! The man is far ahead, but he gains on him at every step. "Say, hold up, mister!" Christopher Memyu turns, for Chips has hold of his coat, panting, breathless. He crams the packet in the other's hand. "Yer dropped it," he says, answering the man's look of amazement.

Yes, he is amazed, bewildered, Christopher Memyu. "Boy," he says, with a sudden thought, "do you know what this packet contains?"

"You bet; ain't it a pile, though? Golly, what a chase I had. You're a walker, you are."

"Boy!" Christopher Memyu is trembling. "You are poor?"

Chips waits a full moment. "I hain't had no grub to-day," he says at length. "I'm hungry!"

"Why—why!" The man can scarcely stand. "Why did you not keep the money?"

Chips draws himself up. Did ever hero on ancient battle-ground look grander? "She's up there," he says, pointing to the starry sky. "I told her I never would, an' she'd a knowed. Besides, I know it's mean."

The next moment he was amazed, for Christopher Memyu has caught him right in his strong arms. "God bless you, boy!" he cries, his voice choking with sobs. "You've saved me!"

Chips slept in a bed that night; no king could have fared better. And there is another son in Christopher Memyu's happy home. Happy, for honor dwells there, and, withal, he keeps his title. For of good fellows you will hear him oft declared "the prince."

Condensing a Telegram.

There was a big smash on the railroad at Dallas Center, Iowa. To announce his escape from a horrible death one of the passengers, a tall man with a thin neck, handed the telegraph operator the following message:

MRS. SARAH H. FOLLINSBEE, DALLAS CENTER, IOWA.—My Dear Wife: I left the city early this morning, after eating breakfast with Professor Morton, a live man in the temperance cause. I expected to eat dinner with you at home. But we were delayed by a terrible railroad accident on the railroad, and I narrowly escaped being killed; one passenger was terribly mangled, and has since died; but I am alive. The conductor says I cannot make connection so as to come to Dallas Center this morning, but I can get there by 8 o'clock this evening. I hate to disappoint you, but cannot help it. With love for mother and the children, I am your loving husband, ROGER K. FOLLINSBEE.

The operator read it, smiled, and said: "You can save considerable expense and tell all that is really necessary, I presume, by shortening this message down to ten words. We have no wire directly into Dallas, and will have to send this message part of the way over another line, which adds largely to the cost of transmission. Shall I shorten this for you?"

"No, oh, no," the man with the shawl replied, "I'll fix it myself."

The tall man with the short pantaloons went back to the desk with his message. It was a stunner, for a fact, and the man heaved a despairing sigh as he prepared to boil his "letter" down to ten words. He sighed again after reading it through once or twice, and then scratched out "Dallas Center, Iowa," as though everybody knew where he lived. Then he erased "early," and drew his pen slowly through "breakfast with" and "in the temperance." Then he scratched over "dinner with," and went on to erase "and narrowly escaped." And so he went on through the dispatch. Occasionally he would hold it from him at arm's length, after making an erasure, to get at the general effect. And at last, after much scratching and erasing and with many sighs, he came to the window and said: "Here is this telegraphic dispatch to my wife. I have not been able to condense it into ten words, and do not see how it can be done without garbling the sense of the dispatch, but if you can do it you will oblige me greatly, as I do not wish to incur any really unnecessary expense."

And with that he handed the operator the following expunged edition of his original message:

MRS. SARAH H. FOLLINSBEE—My Dear Wife: I left the city—this morning after eating—Professor Morton alive—cause I expected to eat—you at home. But we were delayed by a terrible railroad accident on the railroad. I—being killed—terribly mangled and since died; the conductor—cannot Dallas Center—but I can.—I hate—mother and children. ROGER K. FOLLINSBEE.

The operator smiled once more, and in his quick, nervous way that grows out of his familiar association with the lightning, made a few quick dashes with his pencil, and without adding or changing a letter in the original message, shriveled it down to its very sinews, like this:

SARAH H. FOLLINSBEE—Dallas Center, Iowa—Left city 'smorning; delayed by accident; home 'evening. ROGER K. FOLLINSBEE.

"There, that is all right," he said, in the cheery, magnetic way these operators have. "Fifty cents, sir; only twenty-five cents if we had our own wire into Dallas, sir; we'll have one next spring, too; saves you several dollars, sir. That's right, thank you."

And the man with the thin neck and thin hair went and sat down on a chair by the stove, and stared at that operator until the rescuing train came along as though he was a worker of miracles.

Free libraries are a great power in the United States. Forty-nine new ones were opened in 1879, containing 86,779 volumes, making a total of 3,842 public libraries of all classes.

A happiness that is quite undisturbed becomes tiresome; we must have ups and downs; the difficulties which are mingled with love awaken passion and increase pleasure.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Leached Ashes.

The New Hampshire *Mirror and Farmer* says: Leached ashes are good for almost any crop, but should be applied with other fertilizers that contain vegetable substances, like barn manure; thus applied on most soils, and for nearly all crops, twenty-five cents a bushel would be cheaper than commercial fertilizers. Fifty bushels of ashes applied to an acre of land in connection with two cords of good stable manure would produce better results for most crops than 150 bushels applied without other fertilizers, or five cords of stable manure applied with no other fertilizer with it.

Cracked Corn for Chicks.

The proper way to feed corn is to give this grain in a "crushed" or "cracked" condition. Common cracked corn may be fed to them or it may be scalded to advantage before feeding. It should be given to the fowls fresh, however, as, if mixed with water or any other meal, it quickly grows sour if not used. There are other advantages in feeding it in this shape as compared with the use of whole corn, and those are that in the broken state it is taken up much more easily than are the whole kernels, and when eaten it digests more readily, while the process of devouring a given quantity is slower, and the birds, if ever so hungry, cannot "gobble it down" in bulk, as they incline to rush at the whole seeds. But too much care cannot be taken to provide of this article only what is eaten up clean at a feeding—as after it lies upon the ground, or has become wet, it becomes unpalatable and unsavory.

Rolling on Light Soils

A New Jersey farmer, writing to an exchange, says: Rolling is another popular process that may do much mischief upon light soils The soil being very friable, the roller is not required to break up lumps and clods, and the harrow will compact the ground sufficiently for all purposes. The roller packs and hardens a light soil, and causes it to dry out very rapidly, while to retain moisture it should be kept loose and soft. The difference between rolled and harrowed fields is very marked after a long continued drought. The rolled fields dry out, rye and wheat being light and small. The only useful effect of the roller on light soil, I am confident, is in the spring upon grass or grain fields only to level and prepare them for the mower or reaper.

Training the Tomato.

In small gardens, where it is desirable both to keep everything in neat trim and to make the most of the limited ground, there is great advantage in training tomato plants erect to an eight-foot rod or stake, well sharpened and set. Fewer plants are needed; these few occupy much less room than if allowed to sprawl about; the fruit is not so liable to rot, and it attains completer size, form and flavor. The training is so simple and easy if begun in time that the attention required by a dozen plants is more a pleasant recreative amusement than a weariness. The stake should be set close to the plant; or, better, the plant close to the stake; and the growing stem should be led up quite erect, so as to be able to support the weight of fruit and foliage, which may attain to twenty pounds or more. No side branches are allowed, as they would not have due support, and without it would be so bent or twisted that they could not fill out the fruit on them for want of free direct calculation. Every side-branch is nipped out as it appears, but if one is already formed and bearing blossoms, it is best to pinch it so as to leave but one leaf above the blossoms, and confine its growth to that. Both leaves and fruit will soon be larger and thicker for this prompt arrest of all wasteful wanton shoots. A tie at about every eight inches to hold the main stem to the stake—allowing some room for its enlargement—will enable it to carry its burden safely, if the stake is firm enough to resist the wind. This is a much simpler and neater method than the use of frames, which often cause the plants to strangle either by too great a crowd of shoots, or by the top bending over and becoming constricted by the weight of its fruit. This is a favorable season for amateur gardeners to acquaint themselves with the useful art of finger and thumb training by applying it to a tomato plant. It is equally available on garden vines and trees—*W., in New York Tribune.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Paint your tools and fences. You can do the former under cover on a wet day.

Sprinkle the melon and cucumber leaves with soot or road dust, fine plaster or slaked lime to drive away the striped bug.

Give grapevines plenty of well rotted manure. Fresh manure may excite a luxuriant growth of vine but will not mature it or insure fruit.

Keep the harrow going in the spare time all summer. Not one farm in a dozen gets all the harrowing it needs, and on no farm is the harrow ever used too much.

Verily a little thought will save to the farmer much, and the saving through this means, even on a small farm, will represent the interest on a considerable capital.

As a remedy for the cabbage worm an Illinois writer recommends to sprinkle the plants with flowers of sulphur as soon as the white butterflies make their appearance, and repeat after a rain.

A Nashville (Tenn.) farmer's remedy for the army worm is to draw taut a rope thirty or forty feet long, and drag it over the wheat. The worms are dislodged, and the matured ones are unable to climb back, while the younger ones that return are shaken off the next morning.

The distinguishing characteristic of the class known as Noisette roses is the habit of blooming in clusters. The plants of most varieties are vigorous growers, the flowers are beautiful and are borne in profusion. They require protection during the winter when grown in the open ground.

No better remedy exists for the currant worm than hellebore, extended with plaster or finely-sifted coal ashes. For the striped bugs that attack melon and cucumber leaves the ashes may be used alone, or in place of them fine plaster, dry or slaked lime, charcoal dust, soot or fine road dust.

A Wisconsin lady says that one-half pint of salt and one ounce of copperas dissolved in a gallon of water is all that is needed for a cut-worm preparation. She dips the plants in this solution before setting them. Says she has used it for years, and never knew of a plant being cut off after taking this precaution.

All who have Italian bees bear testimony that they show more energy and more power to eradicate the worms than the black bees manifest. Give them well-made hives and keep the colonies strong, and you need have no fear of worms. In fact, where Italians have long been introduced, the worms have almost disappeared.

German observations show that the annual yield of milk rises gradually from the birth of the first calf till the fifth, reaches its maximum after the sixth, sinks gradually until the tenth calf, when it is about the same as at the first calving, and after the thirteenth or fourteenth calf is only one-fourth or one-fifth of the maximum yield.

Experienced cultivators know that in the dryest times soil kept well cultivated will show a certain degree of moisture two or three inches below the surface, and when not cultivated it will be dry as powder several feet deep. The influence of culture in this respect is truly wonderful, and especially when the subsoil plow has been employed. This greatly increases the power of the soil to draw moisture from below in a time of drought.

The *Drovers' Journal* says: The man who makes the business pay is the man who carefully selects his breeding ewes, annually culls out the old and inferior stock to fatten for market, and constantly keeps at the head of his flock a thoroughbred male, if he cannot afford to start with purely bred ewes. No other kind of stock raising pays so liberally at present as sheep growing if properly attended to. To be a successful flock master you must keep your flock young, feed well and breed with judgment.

Grapevines can be grafted, although grafting has not been much practiced in this country. Various methods of grafting have been recommended, but the following is probably as good as any. The old vine should be cut off below the ground early in the spring and before the sap has started, and cleft in the same manner as an apple or pear stock. The cutting is prepared and inserted in the manner usual with other grafts. The stock is bound up and the earth replaced. The cutting should have one eye left above the ground.—*Lewiston Journal.*

Recipes.

SUCCOTASH.—Take a pint of shelled lima beans (green), wash, cover with hot water, let stand five minutes, pour off, place over fire in hot water, and boil fifteen minutes; have ready corn from six good-sized ears and add to beans; boil half an hour, add salt, pepper and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Be careful in cutting down corn not to cut too deep; better not cut deep enough and then scrape; after corn is added watch carefully to keep from scorching.

PLAIN PIE-CRUST.—For one large pie use half a pound of flour and two tablespoonfuls of very hard sweet lard or butter. Put the flour into a chopping bowl with a saltspoonful of salt and chop the lard or butter into it in large, thin flakes; stir in sufficient cold water to just wet the flour (about half a pint), turn the paste out on a floured pastry board, and roll it out about a quarter of an inch thick. Do not touch it with the hands more than is absolutely necessary, and work very quickly and lightly, so that the lard or butter may not be melted. As soon as the pastry is rolled out, cut out the top crust and lay it on one side of the pastry board; use the remainder of the crust to line the sides or bottom of the plate, lining only the sides for a tart and the entire plate for a pie. Sometimes when a richer pastry is desired the top crust may be half spread with thin flakes of butter, and doubled and rolled out; this may be repeated three or four times. The secret of making nice pastry consists in a quick, light handling, rapid working, in a cool place, and baking in a rather hot oven.

QUINCE JELLY.—Take the cores and parings of the quinces, put them in enough cold water to cover them, and boil them until they are soft. Squeeze them and add the juice to the water and any syrup which may be left from the quince preserves, and strain it. To each pint of juice allow a pound of sugar. Spread the sugar in pans and put in the oven to heat; it must be watched and stirred to prevent burning. Let the juice boil for five minutes, then pour in the hot sugar, stirring until it is entirely dissolved and skimming any scum that may rise; there will be very little. Let it come to a boil, then take from the fire and put in jars or glasses. The jelly will be clear, of a good color, and keep well. All kinds of jellies can be made in this way, and it saves much labor in the time of boiling the juice and the trouble of skimming.

APPLE WATER.—Quite a variety of drinks can be made from the jelly of apples, or it can be converted into a plain drink. The following is from Drs. Fothergill and Wood's book of recipes: Cut up one pound of apples into quarters, without paring; bake them until soft, put them in a pitcher, with half a pound of brown sugar, pour two quarts of boiling water over them. Let it get cold; pulp the apples, juice and all, through a cullender, and bottle for use. If the mixture is too much of a jelly, add more boiling water. On this foundation you can vary the drinks. A piece of bread, toasted very brown, and added to the apples before the boiling water is poured on, makes a nutritious drink. Or you can boil a half a pound of either barley or rice to a pulp, and add to the apple water.

DR. PARKES' "OATMEAL DRINK."—The proportions are a one-quarter pound of oatmeal to two or three quarts of water, according to the heat of the day and the work and thirst; it should be well boiled, and then an ounce or one and a half ounces of brown sugar added. If you find it thicker than you like, add three quarts of water. Before drinking it shake up the oatmeal well through the liquid. In summer drink this cold; in winter hot. You will find it not only quenches thirst, but will give you more strength and endurance than any other drink. If you cannot boil it, you can take a little oatmeal mixed with cold water and sugar, but this is not so good; always boil it if you can. If at any time you have to make a very long day, as in harvest, and cannot stop for meals, increase the oatmeal to one-half pound or even three-quarter pound, and the water to three quarts if you are likely to be very thirsty. If you cannot get oatmeal, wheat flour will do, but not quite so well. Those who tried this receipt last year found that they could get through more work than when using beer, and were stronger and healthier at the end of the summer.

The World's Letters.

The international postal bureau at Berne has issued its statistics for the year 1879, covering the twenty-five principal countries belonging to the postal union. During the year 8,200,000,000 pieces were sent by post, of which 4,900,000,000 were letters and postal cards. Of the enormous total 5,624,000,000 pieces are credited to Europe, 2,366,000,000 to America, 205,000,000 to Asia, 73,000,000 to Australia and 12,000,000 to Africa. Reckoning the population of the globe at 1,400,000,000, the total would allow 5.9 pieces of mail matter per capita. Among the nations England sent the largest number, 1,587,000,000 pieces, and Germany the next largest, 1,200,000,000. In the use of postal cards Germany came first, with 123,000,000 and England followed, with 114,000,000.

Conditions of Health.

The conditions of health are few but imperative.

1. Pure air.
2. Pure and nutritious food.
3. Proper exercise.
4. Undisturbed sleep.
5. Regularity.
6. Temperance in all things.
7. Pleasant and active mental, moral and social conditions.
8. Right bodily positions
9. Cleanliness.
10. Sunlight.—*Herald of Health.*

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States.

WORK has been quite generally resumed at the Harmony Mills, Cohoes, N. Y., the scene of the recent great strike.

AT a meeting of the State committee of the New York Anti-Monopoly party, held in New York city, it was decided to hold a State convention at Saratoga on September 13.

THE American bankers' convention held their annual meeting in Saratoga, N. Y., re-elected President George S. Coe, of New York, and listened to the reading of various papers on financial topics. Delegates from all parts of the Union were in attendance.

WILLIS Alexander and John Gilchrist and their unmarried sister Margaret were in the sitting-room of their residence in West Charlton, N. Y., at 9 P. M., the front door suddenly opened and five masked men pushed into the room with drawn revolvers. Two attacked Alexander, two John, and one Margaret. A terrific struggle ensued, in which Alexander grabbed a three-tined steel fork and used it so effectively that one tine broke off in the body of one of the burglars The burglars then knocked Alexander down with the butts of their revolvers, handcuffed, bound and gagged him. John suffered a similar fate, and Margaret was handcuffed and gagged. After securing the family the robbers took the gag from Alexander's mouth, and with a pistol at his head asked him to disclose the hiding place of the key to the safe. Alexander refused to tell, whereupon he was again gagged, and, with John, was taken to the cellar and tied to a post. Margaret was left upstairs. The robbers then began to search for the key, which they found between two feather beds. The safe was soon rifled. It contained $800 in money and $150,000 in bonds and mortgages. The robbers left with the booty, and Margaret soon afterward slipped the handcuffs over her wrists and liberated her brothers, who broke the handcuffs from their wrists with an ax and hammer.

AT the Massachusetts Greenback State convention 325 delegates, representing seventy-nine towns, were present, and a full ticket headed by General Benjamin F. Butler for governor was nominated. A platform was adopted, in which the many concessions made to the principles of the Greenbackers are referred to with satisfaction. A check upon the power of wealth and its unjust accumulation is demanded. The payment of the national debt as rapidly as the revenues will allow, and the abolition of the National banks as banks of issue, are demanded. The resolutions affirm that eight hours should constitute a legal day's work. A board of arbitration, to be composed of an equal number of workingmen and employers, for the settlement of labor troubles, is demanded. The system of contract convict labor is opposed. The arbitrary imprisonment of American citizens in British bastiles, and the misrepresentation at the court of St. James by a minister who sanctions the illegal conduct of the British government are deplored.

HERBERT SPENCER, the eminent English scientist, arrived in New York a few days since from Europe.

THE Hotel Hamarock, a new seaside hotel at Marshfield, Mass., was destroyed by fire. The boarders, about 100 in number, escaped, many of them with only their night clothing. Many were obliged to jump from the upper part of the building to escape the flames.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR called a meeting of the cabinet at his residence in New York the other day, all the members being present with the exception of Secretaries Teller and Howe, of the interior and postoffice departments. No business of special importance was transacted.

A PITTSBURG (Pa.) dispatch says that the long strike of the Pan Handle coal miners against a reduction from four cents to three and one-half cents has ended in their defeat, and all the strikers who could obtain work at the reduction have gone in. The struggle, says the dispatch, has been the most protracted and expensive ever known to that district. In the four and a half months since April 1, when the men laid down their picks, they have lost in wages $250,000. The operators have lost their summer contracts and to some extent their footing in the market, and the railroad company has lost very heavily in freights.

THE Maine Independent Republicans have nominated Warren F. Vinton for governor.

BY a collision between two trains near Washington, N. J., a conductor and a boy were killed and two men were seriously injured.

AT the Delaware Democratic State convention in Dover Charles C. Stockley was nominated for governor and Charles B. Lore for Congress.

South and West.

THE Iowa Democrats have nominated a full State ticket with T. O. Walker at the head for secretary of state.

AFTER long and at times great suffering from cancer of the tongue United States Senator Benjamin Harvey Hill died at Atlanta, Ga., aged fifty-nine years. His death had been expected, and upon its announcement the Atlanta church bells, fire bells and locomotive engine bells in the various railroad yards and shops, and continued tolling all day. Every business house, public office and the depots were draped in heavy mourning. Nearly every residence on Peachtree street, the street upon which Mr. Hill resided, was hung in black. Many business houses were closed during the day, and the Atlanta city council, board of trade and the Atlanta bar passed appropriate resolutions of sorrow. The record of Mr. Hill's life briefly told is as follows: Born in Jasper county, Ga., on September 14, 1823, he was graduated from the University of Georgia in 1844, with high honors. In 1845 he was admitted to the bar and began practicing law in LaGrange, Ga. His entry into public life began as a member of the Georgia house of representatives in 1851, and he was elected to the State senate in 1859 and 1860. In 1855 he was the unsuccessful "American" candidate for Congress, and as the candidate for the same party was defeated for governor in 1857. He was a presidential elector on the Fillmore ticket in 1856, and on the Bell-Everett ticket in 1860. At the State convention of 1861 he advocated remaining in the Union until he found that secession was inevitable. He was a Georgia delegate to the Confederate provisional congress, and a Senator in the regular Congress. In 1865 he was arrested by the Federal authorities and imprisoned in Fort Lafayette. At the close of the war he was elected to the forty-fourth Congress and was re-elected, but resigned his seat before the expiration of his second term to take a seat in the United States Senate, to which he was elected in 1877. His term would have expired next March.

THREE men were killed and about thirty injured in a railroad collision near Cairo, Ill.

TWO young men and two young ladies, while returning home in a buggy from a dance near Anoke, Minn., were struck by a passing train and instantly killed.

SENATOR HILL'S funeral at Atlanta was numerously attended, the United States Senate and House of Representatives being well represented and 20,000 people assembling on the streets to view the procession.

THE Utah congressional commissioners arrived at Salt Lake City. The Mormon church has engaged four law firms to defend the county officials who are about to lose their positions under the provisions of the Edmunds bill.

A TELEGRAM from Governor Roberts, of Texas, was received at the treasury department stating the suffering condition of those sick with yellow fever, and of 2,000 persons in Brownsville, Tex., out of employment on account of the quarantine, and requiring aid. Acting Secretary French replied that the department would take charge of hospitals and quarantine at suitable stations if the governor desired it, but that the State of Texas must support all persons not in hospital.

A STAGE near Globe, Arizona, was attacked by robbers, the messenger was killed and the treasure-box, containing over $5,000, was taken.

CHARLES WARD, a negro, thirty-five years old, who criminally assaulted Dorah Ellerman, a white girl, eleven years of age, a year ago, was executed at San Antonio, Texas. The criminal had lost a leg and when hanged held a crutch in his hand. He spoke for twenty minutes on the scaffold, denying the justice of his sentence.

A MOBILE dispatch says that in Choctaw county, Ala., an organized plot among the colored population to kill the entire whites of the county was discovered; that a quiet meeting of the citizens was held and seven of the ringleaders were arrested; that subsequently a mass meeting of the citizens of all classes was called and brought together about 700 men, among whom were 150 negroes, and that after hearing the evidence it was decided that "Jack" Turner, one of the arrested men, was a turbulent and dangerous character, a regular firebrand in the community, and the public demanded his immediate death. He was accordingly hanged about 1:15 the same afternoon in the presence of the assembled multitude. The plot is asserted in the dispatch to have been in existence since 1878, and the conspirators to number about 400.

THE boiler of A. B. Perkins & Company's saw mill at Sullivan, Ind., exploded. George Inglewright, Irwin Bailey and George Morris were probably fatally injured.

SPECIAL correspondents in the West report that an enormous wheat crop is being threshed in Kansas and Nebraska and the growing corn is favored by good weather.

AT West Las Animas, Col., a man named Rymer, charged with murder, was taken from jail and hanged by a crowd. At Rock Creek, Wyoming, a hunter named Gibson shot and killed Robert Aikens, a clerk. The murder occurred after 5 o'clock P. M., and between 9 and 10 o'clock citizens took Gibson out and hanged him to a box car.

From Washington.

MR. LONG, the American consul at Alexandria, was attacked by about forty natives; but seizing a club he defended himself vigorously until some soldiers arrived, dispersed the crowd and arrested the ringleaders. It appears that the natives had attempted to stop Mr. Long as he was driving. He became annoyed and urged on his horse, inflicting injuries on some of the party.

Foreign News.

BOTH houses of the British parliament have adjourned until October 24.

A MAN named Joyce and his entire family were murdered in their own house, near Congin, county Galway, Ireland. The family consisted of Joyce, his wife, mother and daughter. They were fired at and killed by a party of men. Two boys also were wounded. It is believed in the locality that the Joyces gave information relative to the murder of the bailiffs of Lord Ardilaun, whose bodies were found bound together in Lake Cong.

A LABORER while working on board a steamship at Liverpool that had arrived from New York found five Colorado beetles. The privy council ordered that they be killed and sent to London.

THE village of Lindeburden, West Prussia, has been burned, and 200 persons have been rendered homeless.

IN a fight with the Apaches in the Sahuahupa district, Mexico, the Mexicans lost forty-five men and the Indians left thir